HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2131.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

A TIP FOR THE TIGER—HIS SHARE IF HE WINS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy.—$4 00 a Year, in Advance.

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
New York City: Franklin Square.
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

THE other day there was a strong outbreak of Liberal oratory in England, from which it seems that the party is about to find an issue on which it may unite. This issue is not the abolition, but the reformation of the House of Lords—a very rational first step in a Liberal programme, in view of the fact that no Liberal policy can be incorporated into law so long as the House of Lords remains as it is. An interesting question is suggested to this effect: If the issue shall be adopted, will the revival of Lord ROSEBERY'S leadership follow?

GENERAL BLANCO, the new Captain-General of Cuba, is not a cruel man, but he is diplomatic and crafty. He succeeded in hoodwinking the Cubans eighteen years ago, and possibly he may be under the impression that he can succeed again by indirection. He will probably find himself mistaken. The Cubans are now so opposed to anything but independence, and so intensely suspicious of every Spanish official, that BLANCO will also be a failure, even as CAMPOS and WEYLER. Now Spain, having tried, in the persons of these three, good-nature, cruelty, and duplicity, asks the United States to wait until she tries again with a promise of autonomy.

AN anti-government-by-injunction decision has been rendered by the Court of Appeals of Colorado. Judge WILSON, who delivered the opinion, says that "injunctive relief for every wrong or infringement upon the rights of another, ... if carried to its ultimate natural conclusion, would tend to entirely subvert the fundamental principles upon which our system of laws is founded." The weakness in the argument of those who would resort to injunction for the righting of every wrong is that it does not differentiate between mere efforts to prevent injury to property and attempts to punish for real or alleged infractions of the criminal law by a power other than the police power, and by judicial methods other than trial by jury. The undoubted right of courts to protect property by injunction has been distorted into a means for punishing for crime by equity.

AS was to have been expected, the British cabinet has disappointed the hopes that were excited by the foolish and ill-timed letter of the Governor of the Bank of England to Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH. Before the cabinet acted on the proposals made by Senator WOLCOTT a great protest was uttered by the principal business men of London, who urged the government to do nothing that would change or modify the standard of value, and they intimated that any so-called "concession" to the United States silver men would be an assault upon the stability of the five-pound note. To such a protest there could be but one reply, and the British cabinet decided on last Saturday to send our wanderers home conscious that they had done nothing except demonstrate the faith of England in the gold standard. The London newspapers are now demanding that the bimetallic conspiracy shall cease to be encouraged by Mr. BALFOUR.

THE Emperor of Germany has committed another offence against civilized Europe and the Christianity which he and his ancestors have professed. He has written a letter to the Sultan thanking the Moslem assassin for the gift of some cannon captured in the late war from the Christian Greeks. He assures the Sultan that he enjoys the Emperor's "faithful friendship," and he praises the Sultan's "wise moderation" during the negotiations for peace. Most people will be surprised to learn that the Sultan has held his hand except as he felt compelled by the powers, and some will be surprised to learn that the Emperor WILLIAM regards any "moderation" as wise short of a total spoliation of the Greeks. The civilized world, including civilized Germany, is beginning to wonder how long this imperial solecism will continue to exist. An alliance between fifteenth-century Moslemism and nineteenth-century Lutheranism is hardly sane.

THE municipal campaign in New York is proceeding on the various lines that are characteristic of the different tickets. CROKER'S campaign for VAN WYCK and Tammany Hall is conducted by hungry spoilsmen for a recapture of the rich plunder of the city which was lost "to the organization" when Mr. STRONG was elected Mayor. The "organization" has no principles to advocate, but appeals to individuals and to groups, to some with promises of plunder, to some with promises of employment, to others with promises of immunity in law-breaking—to the lowest selfish instincts of all. It asks for a chance to rob the city with the greatest comfort to the citizens consistent with the continuation of its opportunity. It is an indictment against the intelligence of the citizens of New York that, with their knowledge of CROKER and Tammany, VAN WYCK'S chances are worth discussing at all. But we are sorry to acknowledge that the practical question of the campaign is as to the possibility of defeating him. It is reported that Tammany's campaign fund is to be furnished by the gamblers. We do not know that this report is true, but we should be surprised to learn that it is not. It is more likely incomplete, for there are others of the vicious class besides gamblers who long for Tammany's triumph.

HENRY GEORGE'S campaign is managed on strictly political principles. Mr. GEORGE is running on national and State, as well as on municipal issues. He is receiving support on the silver question and on the single-tax question, as well as on the issue of municipal ownership of street railways and gasworks. Mr. TOM L. JOHNSON, a very earnest and conscientious man, is Mr. GEORGE'S manager, and he and others have made what the politicians call a "deal" with the Citizens' Union, as a result of which the GEORGE city ticket and the Citizens' county ticket are to be printed on one ballot. This is a perfectly proper kind of "deal." There are some men, doubtless, who would like to vote for HENRY GEORGE who are in favor of the Citizens' candidates for county offices, and *vice versa*. Under the present ballot law, moreover, such combinations are contemplated. The worst effort that the friends of GEORGE have made is their attempt to secure recognition as "regulars" from the Bryanites. Their wisest act, after Colonel WARING had declined to be their candidate for Comptroller, was to secure ex-Postmaster CHARLES W. DAYTON as candidate.

THE only corrupt "deal" that has taken place is that between CROKER and PLATT, and we regret to say that Mr. TRACY is a party to it. The Republican party machine is very much alarmed. Mr. TRACY recognizes PLATT'S danger in his plaintive appeals against non-partisanship, on the ground that the Republican party—meaning thereby the machine—will have to disband if non-partisanship prevails. Before Mr. TRACY'S nomination was made, and during the summer, when QUIGG was trying to drive Mr. LOW and the Citizens from their purpose, the PLATT talk was all about the necessity of defeating Tammany. Now that the straight Republican ticket is in the field, the disguise drops off so naturally that few people have noticed its disappearance. Both PLATT and TRACY now admit that they are principally concerned in compassing the defeat of Mr. LOW. As Mr. LOW'S defeat would mean the success of CROKER, there is really no reason why Mr. PLATT should have taken the pains to deny the *Herald's* report that he had said that he preferred the election of VAN WYCK to that of LOW. Every one knows what his preference is, and that he is out for VAN WYCK and "what there is in it for him." He and TRACY are for PLATT, and PLATT'S interests lie with CROKER. It was intimated the other day, in a telegram to the New York *Herald*, that the two had lunched together a few days before at the Lawyers' Club. During the week Secretary CORNELIUS N. BLISS, who once enlisted in a struggle against PLATT, wrote Mr. TRACY a letter to say that he supported PLATT'S purpose, pretending, of course, that he did so in the interest of the Republican party and of gold, although he is aware that TRACY'S candidacy is in aid of VAN WYCK, who voted for BRYAN.

THE Republican enemies of civil service reform are active. Their organization, known as the "National Republican Anti-Civil Service League," has its headquarters in Washington. It may be supposed from its title that the purpose of the league is to abolish the civil service, and to substitute military service in civic employments. This would be a mistake. The league, like Mr. BLACK and other opponents of civil service reform, is simply afflicted with an ignorance of the meaning of terms. The league exists for the purpose of securing the "repeal or modification" of the present Federal civil-service law, and it hopes, by means of various five-dollar subscriptions, to do good work for the "boys"—meaning the heelers and strikers—at the coming session of Congress. In other words, it is a vulgar crowd of bummer politicians who are seeking to change the law so that they may secure public places, from which decent, self-respecting citizens without "pulls," and possessing merit only, shall be therefore excluded. These friends of Congressman GROSVENOR and Senator GALLINGER wish to overturn the democratic service now established, to which all citizens are eligible, and to set up in its place an oligarchy of worthless adventurers.

NEWS comes from Washington, by way of the *Evening Post's* trustworthy correspondent, that the President is about to abandon the effort to secure a reform of the currency, and will not urge it in his coming message. We trust that Mr. McKINLEY will change his mind again if this report be true. It is said that he is content with the prosperity that has come, foolishly attributing it to the DINGLEY bill, and he is averse to stirring up trouble. Moreover, both Senator ALLISON and Speaker REED have assured him that no money bill can be passed. Under similar circumstances Mr. CLEVELAND would have permitted Congress to take the responsibility of refusing to afford the needed relief to the country and the Treasury. Mr. McKINLEY is sadly mistaken if he supposes that he can waive off the question which was the central and most important feature of his campaign, and the solution of which should have been made the central and most important purpose of his administration. His neglect of it, and of his duty under it, is of sinister omen for his party and for the country. He is making future union between sound-money men of different parties difficult, if not impossible; and he is encouraging the silver men, as he encouraged them last spring when he sent WOLCOTT and the other wanderers on a silly hunt for bimetallism among the public men and bankers of England. Thus far his financial policy has been of distinct assistance to the Bryanites.

OUR PRESENT DUTY TO SPAIN.

IT is probable that Spain is to lose Cuba, and eventually the island of Puerto Rico and all her possessions in the Caribbean Sea. Whether the proud and patriotic people who have made such enormous sacrifices to retain their American colonies and their prestige must bear the humiliation of acknowledged defeat now or a few years from now, defeat itself, though unacknowledged, has probably come. Within four years Spain has poured into Cuba more than 200,000 men, and has expended millions of borrowed money. She has shown wonderful energy, and a patriotism ardent and self-sacrificing, that has won the deep respect of all men who still have faith in the ancient virtue of love of country to the point of giving all for it. The best of our Jingoes must admire the spirit of the people whom they have been ready to plunder, although most of our babbling warriors cannot be counted on to recognize the manifestations of heroism that stir manlier, and therefore more peace-preserving men.

With the unexpressed consciousness of defeat, there is a deep resentment felt and shown by the people of Spain against this country. So strong is this resentment that it endangers the peace between the two countries to a much greater degree, perhaps, than does the Jingo sentiment of our own country. Spain is torn by internal dissensions. Her great expenditure of life and money has been unsuccessful, but it is doubtless believed at Madrid that a change in Cuban policy may restore the island to its old-time state of loyal dependency, although it is probably true that the Cubans will not accept autonomy, or anything short of complete independence. However this may be, it is essential to any Spanish politician's continuance in power, possibly to the continued reign of the present royal family, that an effort shall be made to retain Cuba by other measures than those adopted by WEYLER with the consent, and perhaps at the instigation of CÁNOVAS. It is evident, at all events, that a suggestion of surrender would be followed by a revolution which would be complicated by the efforts of the Carlists and the Republicans to overthrow the present government, each party seeking to draw its own advantage from the miseries of the country.

It is evident, from a consideration of this situation—the Cubans hopeful and obstinate, the Spanish

people insistent on the retention of the island—that the government, face to face with inevitable defeat, must either go down in a revolution or maintain itself by an appeal to the people on some question that will unite them by again firing their patriotic zeal. The obvious method for the government under such circumstances will be war with the United States; for, as has often been said, Spain will add little to her losses by a war with this country, while she will have the satisfaction of covering the shame of the loss of her colony with the glory of a war with a real power. In view of all the facts in the case, in view of Spain's weakness and of her splendid struggle for the maintenance of her colonial possessions in America, in view of our own professed peace-loving attitude, and, in view of the fact that, in case of a war, the sufferers in this country would be mainly the men who have given no occasion for it, while most of those whose insults to Spanish pride will have brought on the conflict will continue to follow peaceful pursuits at home—in view of all this, great circumspection is demanded at the present juncture of affairs, including not only self-restraint on the part of all those who are in any way in authority, but stronger condemnation than has yet been meted out to obstreperous Jingoism.

As between the two governments, the United States has given no occasion to Spain to declare war. On the contrary, we are within bounds in saying that Spain ought to be grateful to the executive power in this country for the consideration which has been shown her. It is perfectly true, as an English correspondent writes, that "if Cuba was as close to England as it is to Florida, the British government would long ago have interfered in the matter." Both Mr. CLEVELAND'S and Mr. MCKINLEY'S administrations have done their utmost to observe the obligations of neutrality, and they have maintained this friendly attitude against a good deal of political pressure. It is also true that the United States might have properly interfered two years ago for the compulsion of peace. It might have interfered, for example, for the protection of its commerce, which was sadly damaged by the war which Spain has been unable to bring to a conclusion. It might have interfered for the protection of the property of American citizens, which has been at the mercy of both sides. It might have interfered because of the cruelties that the Spaniards have practised; and English writers have regarded our refusal to interfere on this ground as cold-blooded cynicism. But although both Houses of Congress have passed offensive resolutions, and although politicians and the press have done their utmost to excite the war spirit in the country, the executive branch of the government has faithfully performed its duty. Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. MCKINLEY have both declined to recognize the independence of Cuba or the belligerency of the insurgents, and the government has done its utmost to prevent filibustering. If filibusters have escaped on trial, it has been because juries were sympathetic, not because United States marshals and district attorneys have failed to perform their duty. We believe that the executive branch of the government has so carefully and conscientiously conducted itself towards Spain that the claims which have been diligently compiled by the lawyers of the Spanish government will not stand an instant before an international tribunal.

It is not the executive branch of our government that has angered Spain. It is the irresponsible talking Senators and members of the House of Representatives, most of whom do not really want war, and therefore do not really mean what they say. The history of the concurrent resolution is still familiar. Congress wished to explode without doing real damage, and that has been its attitude all through this affair. In this country we understand that all this fury is for home consumption and for voters. This, however, is not understood in Spain; and the Spanish popular mind finds it difficult to differentiate between a law-abiding Executive on the one side, and Jingo law-makers and juries on the other. Doubtless the Spanish public men understand the situation and give the President due credit for his conduct of this business; but they cannot restrain the populace, and therefore, in the presence of the delicate situation that faces both governments, it is time to ask even Jingoes to learn wisdom and to curb their tongues. Spain is suffering, and her situation is tragic. In her wrath she is quite likely to fling herself into war—a senseless war—with the United States. While the responsible branch of our government has not provoked war, irresponsible politicians have done enough to excite to anger a people much less haughty and sensitive than the Spaniards. In the presence of a possible war, it is not demanding too much of them to ask that they be silent, that they give no further occasion for a war, that they cease their taunts, their revilings, and their threats, and that they imitate in all humility the decent spirit that has thus far been manifested by the American Executive.

MR. HENRY GEORGE IN THE MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN.

THE candidacy of Mr. HENRY GEORGE for the Mayoralty was originally started by Democratic organizations outside of Tammany Hall, which are largely composed of chronic spoils-hunters. They found in the failure of Tammany Hall to endorse the free-coinage plank of the Chicago platform a welcome opportunity to set up for themselves a claim to be recognized as the "regular" Democratic organization in New York. They selected Mr. HENRY GEORGE as their candidate for Mayor because they expected him to draw a large vote among the laboring population, and thus to give themselves a fair chance to ride on his back into lucrative places. But Mr. HENRY GEORGE, whatever else may be said of him, is not a spoils politician. He is a speculative social reformer who has his own panacea for the ills of the social body, in the curative efficiency of which he sincerely believes, no matter whether anybody else does. Nor is there any reason for doubting the sincerity of his sympathies with the poor and suffering. Last year he attached himself to the BRYAN movement, not as if he had recognized the free coinage of silver as the cure-all which Mr. BRYAN represented it to be—it being, on the contrary, quite probable that he looks down on BRYAN as a social reformer with great contempt—but because he saw in the BRYAN movement a powerful demonstration of discontent with the existing order of society, and because he thought that this discontent, if represented by a great political party, might be made to serve the realization of his own peculiar theories.

It is as the representative of those more or less vague discontents which last year helped to swell the BRYAN vote that Mr. HENRY GEORGE stands in the present municipal campaign. Nothing could, indeed, be more grotesque than that the elements gathering around him should call themselves the "Jeffersonian Democracy," for nobody acquainted with THOMAS JEFFERSON'S writings, especially with his views on financial subjects, will doubt that if JEFFERSON could rise from the grave to-day he would throw up his hands in horror and amazement at most of Mr. GEORGE'S theories. No less grotesque is it that Mr. GEORGE should be aspiring under present circumstances to the office of Mayor of Greater New York—a position the principal duties of which, especially at the beginning of a new municipal organization on a gigantic scale, require not only personal honesty, which Mr. GEORGE undoubtedly possesses, but practical sense, executive ability, and administrative experience of a very high order, which Mr. GEORGE'S own friends would certainly be very far from attributing to him. We are, however, not quite unaccustomed in this country to the unauthorized, not to say fraudulent, use by political parties or agitators of names or devices which carry a certain prestige with them, nor to the nomination for important offices of men who are ill qualified for the discharge of the duties thereof. Such things, therefore, would little disturb the equanimity of the conservative citizen. But what did disturb that equanimity when Mr. GEORGE appeared on the scene as a candidate was the apprehension that his elevation to the first executive office in Greater New York would not only lead to various sorts of reckless experiments by him, but also encourage the lawless and unruly elements of the population, frequently called the dangerous classes, to violent and uncontrollable transgressions, and that thus public order and security might be seriously imperilled.

It will hardly be denied that if Mr. GEORGE should be elected such things might happen, although it is also certain that in such an emergency, aside from the natural sense of responsibility of any municipal officer as to the maintenance of peace and order, the conservative forces of society would promptly assert themselves in their full strength and with unfailing effect. The danger might look formidable at the moment, but it would hardly last long. However, the mere temporary existence of such a danger would be hurtful enough to the character as well as to the prosperity of the city. But while such contingencies are rather remote—Mr. GEORGE'S chances of success in the election being extremely slight—it behooves every good citizen to consider not only how the existing discontents may be rendered harmless, but also how far they are justified, and how they can be allayed by remedial action. We can, indeed, not expect to satisfy those who are constitutionally discontented because of the general fact that some people are rich while others are poor. But whenever the spirit of discontent descends from vague generalities to tangible particulars, and points out specific abuses to be corrected and wrongs to be remedied, it is the part of prudence as well as of justice to listen with attention and respect. Thus we find in the HENRY GEORGE platform, by the side of an array of general propositions somewhat rhetorically dressed up, a number of complaints and corresponding demands concerning our municipal concerns which are by no means entertained by the followers of Mr. GEORGE alone. These complaints turn mainly upon the point that taxation is unfair, and that public franchises have been given to individuals or corporations without adequate compensation to the city; that those individuals or corporations are enjoying all sorts of favors at the hands of those in power, and that they are thus permitted to enrich themselves virtually at the expense of the people.

That there is much truth in this is very widely believed. Nor can it be denied that such a state of things is calculated to strengthen the impression that the rich are enjoying, in many cases at least, various unjust advantages over the poor. It is equally undeniable that such an impression, especially when based upon facts generally known, or at least upon appearances exciting plausible suspicions of wrong, is most apt to create discontent or to intensify the discontents already existing. Now who is responsible for the mischief that has thus been done? It is generally understood that the party machines have been, and are, drawing their funds mainly from individuals or corporations that depend, as to their gains, on the action of public authorities—the State Legislature, or city councils, or municipal officers—and that seek to be benefited in their interests, or protected against unfavorable action, by political influence. When Tammany Hall was in power in this city and controlled the State Legislature, the Tammany boss had to be "seen" by every person or corporation desiring legislative or municipal favors or protection against injurious action, whether just or unjust, and such favors or such protection were obtained if well paid for. The relations between corporations and the Republican boss while the Republican machine controlled the Legislature, and through it our municipal affairs, have been so often laid bare by the newspapers that it is needless here to repeat the familiar tale. In short, the party machines and bosses identified, for pay, their interests with the interests of individuals and corporations that largely depended for their profits upon the favor of public authorities.

But this was not the worst of it. Those individuals and corporations paying money to the party machines or bosses for favors or protection naturally desire that the machines or bosses should keep the power necessary to enable them to secure to their tributaries the favors or the protection desired. They therefore have a strong inducement to use, and do use, their influence in elections, which, in the aggregate, is very potential, to strengthen and perpetuate machine or boss rule. This explains the well-known fact that some prominent Republicans connected with such corporations, while very eloquent about the virtues of their party, thoughtfully avoid attacking Tammany, and that Democrats in a similar situation are very careful not to offend Boss PLATT. In other words, the beneficiaries of machine or boss rule are thus, to the end of serving their own convenience, exerting their great power to maintain a sort of government which is thoroughly undemocratic, and highly prejudicial to public morality and the common welfare. This is very bad citizenship, which, if persisted in, may in the course of time provoke commotions far more dangerous than the present HENRY GEORGE movement is.

On the other hand, those of the present followers of Mr. GEORGE who have cool heads, and aim rather at the reform of specific abuses than at a general disturbance, should consider that at the present moment there is a promising opportunity for breaking up the nefarious system here described. They can help in securing this desirable result, not by voting for Mr. GEORGE, whose election, if it could be brought about at all, would be apt to provoke a sharp reaction, which in its turn would play into the hands of the machines and their beneficiaries—but by voting for the candidate who is the declared and honest antagonist of all boss rule, and of the whole system of favoritism which has grown up under it, and whose election will restore what this community has not had for many years: government solely for the public interest. That candidate, who really can be elected, is Mr. SETH LOW.

CARL SCHURZ.

KIENZL'S OPERA "DER EVANGELIMANN."

BY FLORENCE HAYWARD.

It is a new time of day when, in the recognition of what is successful, we are not only behind the Continental cities of the Old World, but are even to the rearward of London. And yet the City of Dreadful Delay, which has deliberated for some thirty-two years before finally admitting *Tristan und Isolde* to the position of a stock work at Covent Garden, has been more prompt than we to give a hearing to what is the most interesting and successful opera of the past two years. As regards *Der Evangelimann*, by Kienzl, we have been left to do what Mrs. Partington called "bringing up the carear of the procession," and this in connection with a work that, unlike the Wagnerian operas, has not had to be explained and interpreted by the few to the many, but which has proved attractive from the first alike to musicians, critics, and the less learned mass of opera-goers.

For whatever else may or may not be said of *Der Evangelimann*, this much is certain—that it possesses to an unusual degree the increasingly rare quality of interest. Every one who sees it not only wants to talk about it, but to discuss it—a proof that it is equally removed from the two fatalities, commonplaceness on the one hand, and perfection on the other. The general public, without actually knowing this, feels it; the result is that each hearer feels impelled to say just why the opera has pleased him so much, and also why and where he thinks it will not please the public. Perhaps it is a trifle obvious to say that if every individual who hears an opera likes it, it does not make much difference whether it is liked or not by the public. To be sure, this still leaves the critics out of account, but that is a state of affairs to which of necessity they are becoming accustomed.

Kienzl is not a German, but an Austrian; he comes from Graz, in Styria. He is between thirty-five and forty years of age, and has written, besides the *Evangelimann*, two other operas, *Urvasi*, and *Heilmar der Narr* (Heilmar the Fool). He is now busily engaged upon a fourth, which takes Don Quixote for its subject.

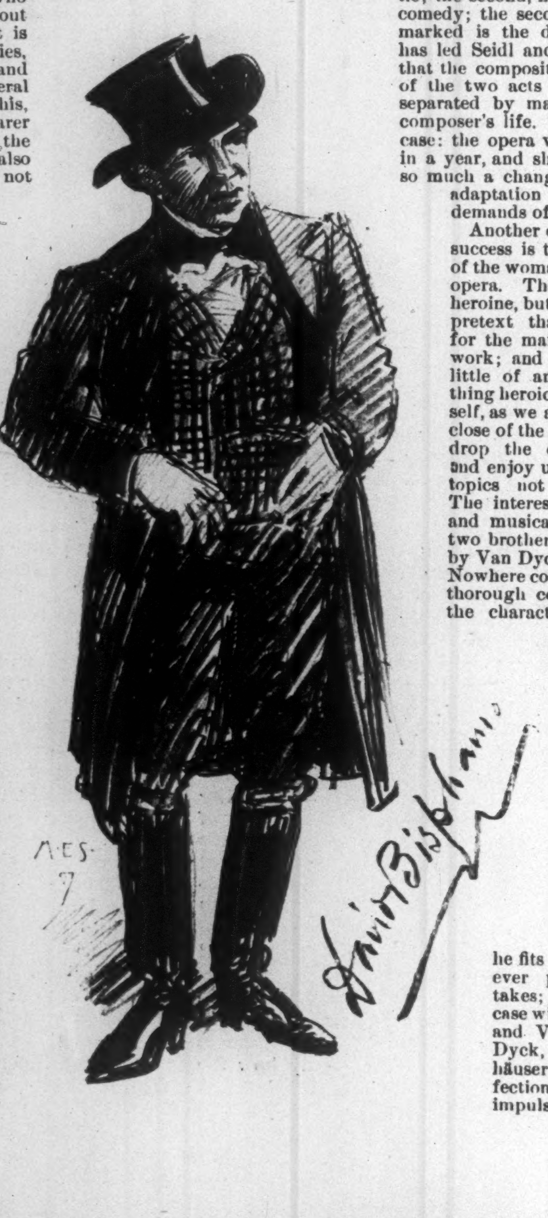
Probably the secret of the interest which Kienzl's work awakens lies in its naturalness; or perhaps it will be better to say its entire possibleness. The characters are every-day people; the happenings are such as you may chance upon at any time, or read of any morning in the newspaper. There are no kings, queens, no gods nor goddesses, not even the common or garden hero and heroine. There is no symbolism, nor anything else difficult to comprehend; there is not even tragedy of action; only the tragedy of results, which, after all, is the deepest tragedy of all. Kienzl, who wrote the book as well as the music, adapting one of the stories in Meissner's *Note-Book of a Police Commissioner*, has had the courage to use every-day incidents of every-day life, and the art to show the poetry and pathos of them. Whether it is the playing of children in the street, the meeting of friends and neighbors at a bowling-alley, or the unidealized interior of a sick-room, we have it from him with a frankness and at the same time a delicacy that interest and charm; for it makes us average every-day folk—and most of us acknowledge that we are nothing more—realize that the commonplace is not necessarily common, nor the every-day aspect of life necessarily trivial.

The story is simplicity itself. Two brothers, Johannes and Mathias, who are respectively the schoolmaster of St. Othmar and its actuary, love Martha, the niece and ward of the justice of the village. Johannes, the elder, persuades the justice that Mathias is not only a ne'er-do-weel, who, from a worldly point of view, would be a poor husband, but is one who, with no intention of marrying Martha, is amusing himself at the expense of her good name. The justice thereupon forbids Mathias paying further court to his niece, and upon Mathias and Martha announcing their determination to marry with or without his consent, deprives Mathias of his position and orders him to leave the village. The lovers, through their friend Magdalena, agree to meet in the old cloisters after the villagers have had their evening game of ninepins.

Johannes overhears their vows of love and faithfulness, and, possessed by a fury of jealousy, sets fire to the cloister barn, just at hand, with the intention that suspicion shall fall upon Mathias. His plan succeeds; Mathias, supposed to have committed the crime in revenge for his treatment at the justice's hands, is sent to prison. This ends the first act. Twenty years later we see Magdalena in Vienna, and after a characteristic street scene of children playing at soldiers and dancing to an organ-grinder's tunes, we also see Mathias, prematurely aged by his twenty years' unjust imprisonment. Liberty has come at last; but work is denied the ex-convict, and he has become an Evangelimann (Evangelist), a wandering reader of the Bible to such as may bestow alms in return. Through his teaching of texts to the children who are playing about her, Magdalena recognizes him, and asks him to offer the consolations of religion to an old man for whom she is caring, but who, racked by disease, is slowly dying. The old man is, of course, Johannes. The last scene takes place in his bedroom, where, tortured equally by anguish of mind and of body, he lies alternately cursing God and appealing to Him for release from his sufferings. The brothers' recognition, Johannes's confession of the crime of twenty years ago, his forgiveness by Mathias, and Johannes's death unite to form a tremendous final scene.

It may seem out of place to have given the first consideration to the dramatic side of the opera rather than to the lyric. But it is that very dramatic quality that makes this opera interesting; it would act well if there were not a note of music; the book is not merely a book, but a play, to which Kienzl has written music. You are not to imagine, however, that the music is secondary in interest, or in any way merely incidental. If one could, on the one hand, find it quite possible to be interested in the story aside from the music, one could, on the other, find equal pleasure in the music alone. Kienzl has proved by the first act that the fountain of melody is not yet exhausted, and by the second that to his gift for invention of melodic forms he adds a capability for music of the more serious and advanced sort. It is curious, indeed, to notice how entirely different in character are the two acts. In the first, melody is pre-eminent; in the second, harmony. The first act is romantic; the second, heroic. The first, comedy; the second, tragedy. So marked is the difference that it has led Seidl and others to think that the composition of the music of the two acts must have been separated by many years in the composer's life. Such is not the case: the opera was written within a year, and shows, I think, not so much a change of style as an adaptation of style to the demands of the moment.

Another of its elements of success is the subordination of the woman element in the opera. There is a nominal heroine, but she is rather the pretext than the occasion for the main interest of the work; and as she does but little of anything, and nothing heroic, and drowns herself, as we are told, after the close of the first act, one may drop the eternal feminine and enjoy undisturbed other topics not so threadbare. The interest, both dramatic and musical, centres in the two brothers' rôles, rendered by Van Dyck and Bispham. Nowhere could one find more thorough comprehension of the characters, and of the spirit of the composer, rarer intelligence, or a more entire unity of conception and rendering, than these two artists have given to their parts. I will not say that the parts suit them as if they had been written for them—that is a poor compliment to any real artist: no part fits him; he fits himself to whatever part he undertakes; and this is the case with both Bispham and Van Dyck. Van Dyck, who as Tannhäuser gives us to perfection the consistent impulsiveness of that character, shows as Mathias a convincing portrait of all that is simple, strong, faithful, enduring.



Bispham, who as Wotan shows us the god—majestic, sorrowful, unrelenting—gives us in Johannes first the villain, malicious, sly, licentious; later the coward, both physical and moral; and finally the abject penitent. It is difficult to say whether the public owes most to Kienzl for having written *Der Evangelimann*, or to Bispham, Van Dyck, Madame Schumann-Heinck, and Marie Engle for their rendering of it.

THE NEW CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.

Don Ramón Blanco y Erenas, the successor as Captain-General in Cuba of the too famous Weyler, was to leave Spain on the 12th of October. The Council of Ministers had confirmed his appointment by the Queen Regent in its sitting of the 9th. General Weyler has left Havana (on the 20th), and the gubernatorial functions in the island are exercised, *ad interim*, in the island, until Blanco's arrival, by Señor Marin, Captain-General of Porto Rico.

General Blanco was born in 1832, at Bilbao. He has spent all his life in the Spanish army, and in his political tendencies he always sided with the Liberal party, which has recently come to power, with Señor Sagasta as Prime Minister. He distinguished himself in the civil wars against the Carlists, especially at the battle of Peña Plata, after which he was rewarded with the title of Marquis, so that his full name is Don Ramón Blanco, Marquis de Peña Plata. The new Governor-General has been in Cuba on many occasions, taking part in the struggle of the first rebellion as a superior officer in the Spanish army or a high official in the military administration of the island. Soon after the treaty of Zanjon, which terminated the war, Blanco was appointed Captain-General of Cuba, in 1879, thus succeeding his old friend Marshal Martinez Campos, who, like himself, was destined to return to the island on the occasion of the present revolutionary movement. It will be remembered that Martinez Campos was recalled to Spain, and replaced by Weyler, because he conducted his military operations, as well as the civil administration of Cuba, in conformity with civilized principles. The fact that the new Captain-General always shared the political ideas of the old Marshal gives some hope that the internecine war in the so-called "faithful isle" will be no longer signalized, to the same extent as before, by the savage methods practised during the last eighteen months.

Soon after having left his first Captain-Generalship in Cuba, Don Ramón Blanco was appointed, in 1881, Governor of the province of Catalonia, the main bulwark of the Alfonsist dynasty against the Carlists. Later on he was sent to the Philippine Islands, where Weyler had begun an active campaign for conquering the island of Mindanao, inhabited by Mohammedans. Blanco finished up that war in a most satisfactory manner, and for that he

CAPTAIN-GENERAL RAMÓN BLANCO Y ERENAS,
The New Governor-General of Cuba.

was congratulated by the Spanish Cortes. In 1894 he returned to the same Polynesian colonies, with the title of Captain-General of the Philippines. The insurrection had broken out all through the archipelago, and Blanco was accused by the Clerical party, at whose head were the Dominican friars, of lack of energy, and of believing that the rebellion could never be a serious affair. He was recalled to Spain; his successor, General Polavieja, did not succeed any more than Blanco in subduing the Malay rebels, but was tendered a significant reception by the Clerical party when he returned to Spain. The Queen Regent saluted Polavieja from the balcony of the royal palace. This was quite in defiance of all rules of court etiquette in Spain, but it was a consolation given to the Clerical Conservative party, whose military representative in the Philippines was ingloriously returning, under a pretext of sickness. In order to react against that unwonted demonstration, General Blanco published soon after a memoir, in which he shows that, like all his friends of the Liberal party, he did not compromise any more than the Conservative Clericals with any rebels in insurrection against the sovereign rights of Spain. He complacently enumerates how many hundred Philippinian rebels were deported by him to the awful presidios, or Spanish colonial jails, and also how many were executed after his approval of the sentences passed upon them by the courts martial of Manila. All this tends to show that the Cuban patriots, though freed from the "butcher" rule of Weyler, will not experience too much leniency at the hands of the new Captain-General Don Ramón Blanco y Erenas, Marquis of Peña Plata.

F. A.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BERLIN, *September 28.*

THE speech which Carl Schurz delivered in Cincinnati to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of German colonization in America has attracted considerable attention in Berlin, particularly his very timely warning against migrating from Germany to tropical countries. This shows that while Mr. Schurz is an acquisition in person to the United States, he can do as an American citizen much good to his own country.

While I was searching yesterday in the Berlin City Library, which is housed in the "Rathhaus," or town-hall, Dr. Buchholz, the librarian, brought me a little volume which he handled as carefully as though it had been an original of Shakespeare or Martin Luther. It was an exceedingly rare copy of a little volume printed exclusively for and by the secret political police of Germany, and contained a list of persons who were regarded as dangerous to their idea of society. This book was compiled in 1854, and contains, amongst others, the following biographical note, which must raise a smile even amongst German Agrarians:

Schurz, Karl, student; from Liblar by birth; studied in Bonn, 1848; most active agent of the Revolutionary Party (*der Umsturz Partei*); liberator of Kinkel, a man guilty of high treason. Schurz is a very dangerous revolutionary man (*Revolutionsmann*).

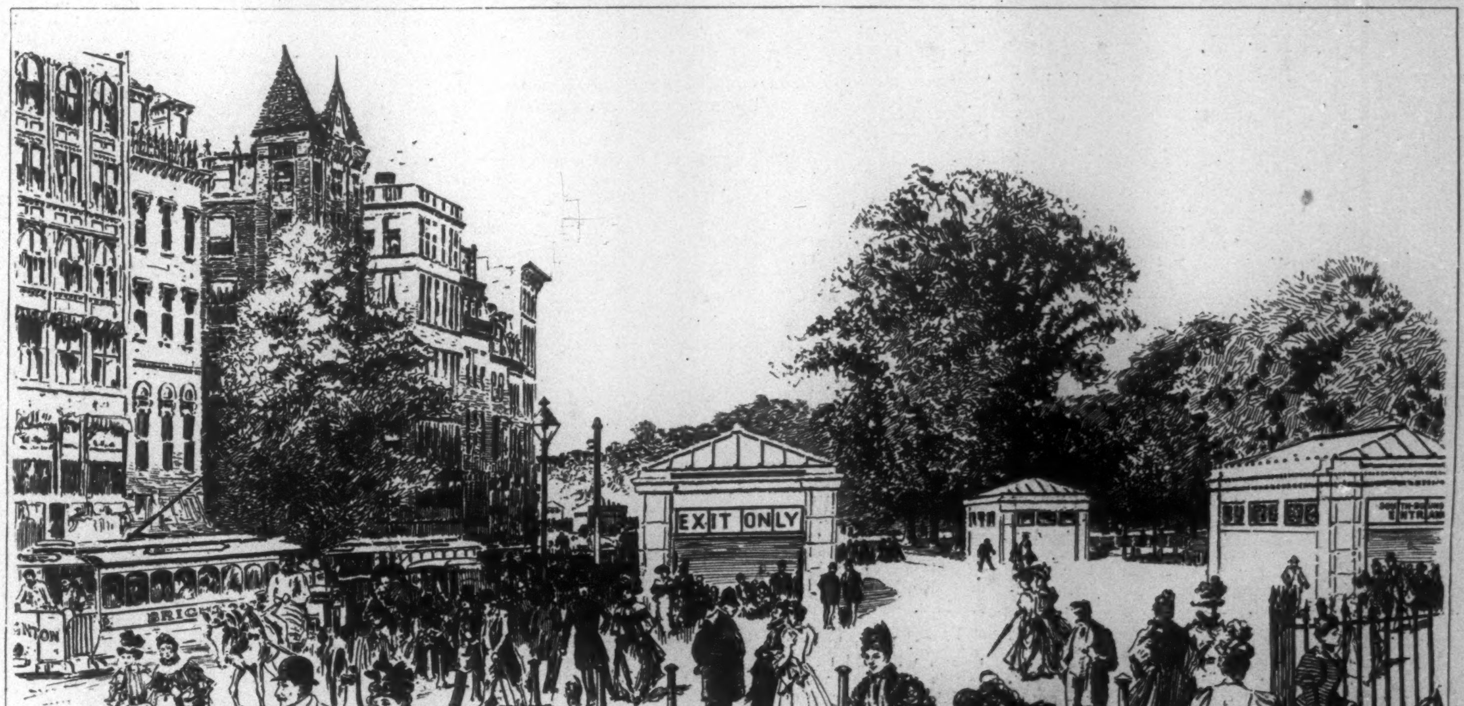
This sounds antiquated and even funny to us. Yet, though it is fifty years since the German revolution broke out, German political life is still made up of two extreme parties, one of which claims to rule by divine right, and to treat as revolutionary all who pretend to an independent political opinion.

NEWTON L. BATES,
The New Surgeon-General of the United States Navy.
[See Page 1051.]
Died suddenly October 18, 1897.

The prison from which Carl Schurz liberated his friend Kinkel is about to be demolished, so I hear, and the ground on which it stands will henceforth be devoted to better uses than locking up men of vastly more intelligence than their keepers.

Some time ago I sailed my canoe to Spandau, with a view to taking a photograph of this prison, but there were so many uniforms about that I thought I had better postpone such an indulgence, particularly as I recalled to mind a disagreeable experience that nearly caused me to be locked up in Warsaw for there trying to see something of the place where Polish political prisoners were kept.

The German police is lending itself zealously to the persecution of Poles, who are seeking against tremendous odds to liberate their country. The press does not dare to discuss this matter, but every now and then we hear of Polish societies being broken up, or pestered with inquisitorial demands out of harmony with constitutional government. From the stand-point of Prince Hohenlohe, this means that it is more important for Germany to conciliate the Czar of Russia than to do justice to a cruelly ill-governed population. How far the Emperor is personally in sympathy with this truckling to the Russian police I have no means of knowing to-day, although six years



THE TREMONT STREET MALL OF BOSTON COMMON SINCE THE OPENING OF THE NEW SUBWAY.—DRAWN BY E. H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 1051.]

ago his heart beat generously in favor of justice for Poland.

He has just returned from a visit to Hungary, where he spoke in flattering terms of the Hungarian love of liberty, and the capacity of that people for constitutional government. If he finds liberty so sweet on the Danube, why, ask my German friends, should he discourage this blessing on the Vistula, to say nothing of the Rhine and the Elbe?

The Hungarians achieved their liberty by denying the divine right of kings. Perhaps the Liberals of the fatherland will accept the Emperor's language as a broad hint.

General Miles was not treated in Germany with so much official attention as he received in England. The Emperor gave him permission to attend the great military exercises, but that was about all. I hear, also, that Captain Dorst, our late military attaché in Vienna, though present at an official function, did not have the honor of exchanging compliments with the Kaiser. On ordinary occasions I should have regarded this as an accidental omission for which a palace functionary was to blame; but nowadays, when the American ambassador cannot find a single official German paper that does not persistently hold up the United States for insult, there appears to be somewhat of method in this madness.

Mr. White, our ambassador, will soon have completed a year of residence here, and has not yet managed to get an apartment in order, although his wife and himself, his private secretary, and all the rest of the embassy staff, spend most of the day in the drudgery of chasing after plumbers, electricians, upholsterers, carpenters, and the like. The money he is now spending on his dwelling is wasted, for he will be lucky if at the end of his four years he can sell his stuff for one-quarter of what it cost him when new. He will spend necessarily five times as much as the government salary amounts to. Not for ostentation, but for mere entertaining of passing American travellers and his official colleagues. It is a monstrous imposition on a man whose position as a scholar and a diplomat is so high as that of Andrew D. White that he should be forced not merely to give his time for nothing, but to make up out of his own pocket the shortcomings of his salary. I have so often called attention to this that I shall soon be accused of monotonous repetition, but it is such a crying evil that it deserves instant remedy. The work of an American ambassador in Berlin to-day is of a serious nature, and should demand the whole time of a valuable man. We must dismiss the idea that diplomats are merely ornamental accessories of government, and should regard them as the business agents of a vast mercantile corporation, involving commercial interests as complicated as they are precious. Of my own knowledge I can testify that J. B. Jackson, the first secretary, as well as Mr. Fiske, the second secretary, is crowded with important work, and that our ambassador could give full employment to double the number if he had them. It would, for instance, keep one man busy if he did nothing but get evidence that would convict German firms of cheating American manufacturers. The English take much better care of their commerce than we do, at least in this respect.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

MUSIC.

THE prospectus general of the local music season now drawing near as November's middle approaches is lavish in concert interests. Such being the fact, the curious shortcomings in opera which must be taken into consideration for 1897–8 may be considered as made good in music's solider and higher expression. The list of soloists is extremely large. Among pianists will appear Pugno, Siloti, Sieveking, Joseffy, Godofsky, Gallico, and Constantin von Sternberg. As to organ music, Alexandre Guilmant will make his second American tour. The violinists will present in their group Marteau and Ysaye, not to speak of resident violinists of assured rank; and among 'cellists are expected Jean Gérardy and Leo Stern. The vocal cohort will offer a special recruiting from the operatic ranks, as well as from the concert stage.

That annual Parisian excitement during the dull season, the Conservatory examinations for promotions and gradution honors—those weary examinations in which the same instrumental piece is played by ten candidates, and the same old stock of vocal solos is made to do noble duty for young aspirants to the opera-houses—they have been a sadly disappointing business, by all accounts, this year. Few good words were spoken by the critics of the new young men and new young women who did their best to please and gratify the judges. Several pupils failed dismally, and certain signal prizes were not awarded. The best account of itself that any of the departments gave was in the ballet classes, where a group of promising young women were highly commended. *Noblesse oblige.*

The existing condition of the Wagnerian privileges of France, of which we hear much nowadays, is illustrated by the fact that *Tristan und Isolde* has at last been produced for the first time on a French public stage—not at Paris, but down at the summer resort of Aix-les-Bains. This is under much the same conditions as if Saratoga or Richfield Springs, toward the end of a summer season, should decide to fill out an important musical blank for Americans. The French resort named, however, possesses a distinct musical atmosphere. Its opera-house and superior orchestral concerts are directed by Jéhin, whose wife is Madame Deschamps-Jéhin, of the Paris Opéra, and one of the best of contemporary French contralti. The performances have drawn a considerable representation of the French critics, and many of the faithful Wagnerites of the land. They have been but moderately successful, from the standards of American and German Wagnerians. The Tristan was Cossira, the Isolde, Madame Chrétien-Vaguet. Madame Deschamps-Jéhin sang Brangaene, and M. Albers was Kurwenal, and the rest of the cast was of less value. The French text of Wilder of course was used.

The Philharmonic Society of New York city makes an important announcement for the coming season, over and above the usual notification of the dates and terms of its concerts. There will be eight concerts and eight public rehearsals, or sixteen concerts in all; in place of the twelve, hitherto the limit. The dates of the evening concerts are as follows, Saturday evenings, November 13, December 11, January 8, 29, February 19, March 5, 19, April 2. The eight afternoon concerts are set for the Fridays successively preceding those dates. (By-the-bye, it would have been a good opportunity for the Society to dismiss that ancient and misleading term "rehearsals," and to call a formal public concert a concert.) The prospectus of the season is conservative in new music. There will be played for the first time from the Society's orchestra Humperdinck's overture to his "Königskinder" fairy piece; Professor MacDowell's "New Indian" suite; Dr. Dvořák's new symphonic poem "The Noon-Witch"; and an arrangement by Siegfried Wagner of Schubert's "Sehnsucht." The soloists announced are Madame Nordica and the Messrs. Eugène Ysaye, Jean Gérardy, Henri Marteau (whose military duty is done), Raoul Pugno, and Pol. Plançon.

The dates of the subscription concerts to be given in the Astoria Hotel during the season, under the management of Mr. Carl Lowenstein, as already noted in this journal, are announced as the evenings of November 4, 18, 30; December 14, 30; January 13, 25; February 10, 24; March 10, 24; and April 7. These bring the series to twelve concerts. Mr. Anton Seidl and an orchestra of ninety-two will be the foundation, and a notably strong representation of soloists is secured, including Madame Sembrich, and the Messrs. Rafuel Joseffy, Plançon, Pugno, Leo Stern, and Ysaye. The Astoria will be a conspicuous musical factor under such conditions; and even its opening as a hotel will be through a charity concert, in course of a week or so.

Madame Dyna Beumer, a Belgian coloratura soprano of some distinction, and a pupil in Brussels of Gevaert and in Paris of Faure, will be heard in concert in this city during the season approaching; making her first appearance at the Astoria Hotel subscription concerts.

The rumors as to the disbanding of the Symphony Society of New York are set at rest for the coming season by the announcement of five afternoon concerts and five evening ones on respectively the dates of November 5, 6; December 26, 27; January 21, 22; February 11, 12; and April 7, 9. Mr. Walter Damrosch continues in charge of the orchestra. Among the soloists will be Madame Melba, Mr. Ysaye, Mr. David Bispham, and Mr. Henri Marteau.

The following are the dates of the performances of Theodore Thomas's Chicago Orchestra on its spring tour, set forth with special reference to this city:

March 1.—Metropolitan Opera-House, evening, New York.
March 2.—Academy of Music, evening, New York.
March 3.—Music Hall, evening, Baltimore.
March 4.—Evening, Washington.
March 5.—Academy of Music, matinée, Philadelphia.
March 9.—Metropolitan Opera-House, evening, New York.
March 11.—Academy of Music, evening, Brooklyn.
March 12.—Metropolitan Opera-House, matinée, New York.
March 14.—Metropolitan Opera-House, evening, New York.
March 16.—Metropolitan Opera-House, matinée, New York.
March 19.—Metropolitan Opera-House, matinée, New York.

There will be seven New York concerts out of the eleven.

The recent Bergamese musical festival commemorating Donizetti seems to have been a troublous and uneven business. Reports from auditors of it are hopelessly conflicting, according to their intelligence or sentiment. Some say the concerts were very bad, others that they were very good; and it is certain that the opera performances were hissed, and that well-known singers found themselves in difficulties with the management or the public, or with both. Among the artists more generally known who took part were Madame Melba, Miss Fanny Davies, Madame Tua, and the Messrs. Cremonini Piatti, Joachim, and Buonamici.

The National Conservatory of Music of America, Antonín Dvořák, director, 126 and 128 East Seventeenth Street, New York, will hold a special singing and operatic examination October 15, from 10 A.M. to 12 M. and 2 to 4 P.M. The examiners will be Messrs. Victor Capoul and Gustav Hinrichs. The conservatory has opened an uptown branch institution at 239 Lenox Avenue.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give five concerts, as hitherto, in the Metropolitan Opera-House, respectively on the Thursday evenings November 11, December 16, January 20, February 17, and March 24, under Mr. Paur's direction. The soloists announced are Mesdames Melba and Nordica and the Messrs. Joseffy, Kneisel, and Loeffler.

At St. Petersburg the opera season beginning next month will add to the repertory of that house Rubinstein's *Feramors*, with its brilliant ballet—the music of which is familiar on our concert programmes—and Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*. The leading star will be Miss Sanderson—apparently. At the Italian Opera are to sing the tenors Tamagno, Masini, and Marconi, and the barytone Battistini. Madame Sembrich, being engaged for her coming tour in this country, will not be heard in Russia again till 1899.

The first concerts in America of the "Banda Rossa," the "Red Band," an Italian military orchestra of high class and of wide European repute, have been in progress at the Metropolitan Opera-House since last week—in some degree an opening of the local orchestral season. The director of the Banda Rossa is Sorrentino, a conductor of much repute in Italy. The repertory of the band is elaborate, on the same lines as the programmes of Sousa's and Gilmore's bands.

There is little pleasure in contemplating the acrid disturbance in Boston's good old Handel and Haydn Society as to whether Mr. Carl Zerrahn, now past his seventy-first year, should remain the conductor of the society; or should give place to Mr. B. J. Lang. The latter is not so very much Mr. Zerrahn's junior, nor so immeasurably his superior, but to his securing of the post in question is supposed to attach a large gift of money for the society, from a mysterious unnamed benefactor who swears by Mr. Lang. In the eyes of this Mæcenas of music Mr. Lang is rated at a value, it seems, of $150,000—the price of a new club-house for the Handel and Haydn. The quarrelling and electioneering have at least indicated a juicy vitality of temper, even of temperament, in the Handel and Haydn that would not have been suspected. As for the choice between the two conductors, it is only in ordinary musical programmes to say that—there are others.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

SHAM BATTLE OF NEW YORK'S FIRST BRIGADE.

IT has been the aim of the military authorities of New York State to assemble the First Brigade of the National Guard, which is that part of the militia with headquarters in New York city, once a year, when possible, for the purpose of field exercises of some kind. Occasionally, as was the case this year, these exercises have taken the form of a sham battle at Van Cortlandt Park, a large and only partly developed tract of meadow and woodland at the northernmost limits of the city. On these occasions seven regiments, two batteries of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry participate in the manœuvres of mimic war. The struggle involves practical work in the field, such as marching, charging, retreating, advancing, and firing of rifles and guns in every way used in warfare.

The battle this year was held on Saturday, October 9. There were fully 25,000 persons massed on the roadway skirting one side of the parade-ground of the park to see the close of the contest. The brigade, numbering about 5000 men, was divided into an eastern and western force. The western force consisted of four regiments, one battery of four guns, and one troop of cavalry. It numbered about 2700 men. The eastern force consisted of three regiments, a battery of four guns, two troops of cavalry, and numbered about 2300 men. The western force was considered the invading force of an enemy from the northward. The eastern force was to protect New York.

Theoretically, the line of battle stretched from the Hudson to the East River. Inasmuch as all that territory, except Van Cortlandt Park, is pretty well settled, it was necessary to confine actual operations to the park itself, and to let the rest of the fight, from river to river, exist in imagination. It was not even possible to use all of the park. In the centre of its northern end is Vault Hill, occupied as a preserve for buffaloes, and it was necessary to call that territory "impassable ground." This not only added to the difficulty of manœuvring, but restricted the field operations. Down through the centre of the park is a long and narrow lake. It was necessary to run the line of battle across this lake, with no means of communication between the wings except by two bridges, one at the extreme northern and the other at the extreme southern end of the parade-ground.

The two forces left New York by trains at about the same time. One went up on the Hudson River side, and the other on the East River side. They detrained, and immediately began marching to the field of contest. It was arranged that the western, or attacking force, should reach the field a little before the others, and should hold the upper and lower bridges—the key to the operations in the park. In the western force were the Ninth, Twelfth, Eighth, and Twenty-second regiments, under command of Colonel Seward, of the Ninth. In the eastern force were the Seventh, Seventy-first, and Sixty-ninth regiments, under command of Colonel Appleton, of the Seventh. Captain Wendel's battery was with the attackers, and Captain Wilson's with the defenders.

Along the eastern side of the park, from north to south, runs a wooded crest. It was on the northern part of this crest that the battle began in the woods. The Seventy-first and Seventh, from the east, attacked the Twenty-second and Twelfth regiments, from the west, and drove them back. While the firing was going on in the woods, and the thousands of spectators were endeavoring to catch a glimpse of something more than the wisps of smoke that arose above the trees, a spirited cavalry charge was made across the parade-ground of the park. The western force was driven back from the lower bridge. Gradually the Twenty-second Regiment was drawn across the upper bridge to re-enforce the main body of the western force, and the Seventh was drawn down to the lower bridge to dislodge the Eighth Regiment, which had control of that strategic point. The artillery was seen to occupy two hills nearly a mile apart. The defenders of New York drove back the infantry force at the lower bridge, and, after a fight that had lasted about an hour, two-thirds of the forces were massed on the great parade-ground in sight of the thousands of spectators. To the east of the slender lake the Twelfth and Seventy-first regiments were contesting for supremacy. The Twelfth had held the upper bridge safe for the invaders. To the west, on the parade-ground, the Seventh alone of the defenders was holding in check the Eighth and Twenty-second regiments. On the west the Ninth was supporting the artillery, and to the east the Sixty-ninth was doing similar duty.

The forces charged across the great parade-ground with cheers, and fired as skirmishers by companies, battalions, and regiments. The cavalry fought on horse, and also dismounted. The guns of the artillery thundered. The shouts of the officers and the whistles of the orders added to the confusion. It was a spectacle of vigorous action and great noise, and it was ended—just as it was planned to end—in a drawn contest. The line of battle was then stretched through the centre of the parade-ground, across the lake and park from east to west. The attackers still held the northern bridge, and the defenders held the southern bridge. Neither side had any distinct advantage, and each was in a fine position for action the next day if the fight had been continued. General Fitzgerald, commanding the brigade, said the benefit of the day came almost entirely in the drill it gave to the officers in handling men under conditions of actual warfare. The day closed with a brigade review by Major-General Merritt, of the United States Army, commanding the Department of the East, and stationed at Governors Island, and with a special drill of the cavalry and artillery in one force by Major Avery D. Andrews, of General Fitzgerald's staff.

THIS BUSY WORLD

We must not be too hasty in reaching conclusions as to the foolishness of that committee of the Board of Education of Philadelphia which has decided that *Les Misérables* is not a proper book to use as a text-book for the girls of the high-school. While *Les Misérables* is one of the great and good books of the century, there is room for differences of opinion as to whether it is adapted, as a whole, to the uses of schoolgirls. A number of accomplished educators think that it is not, and others equally accomplished take no exception to it. Discreet ladies who manage young ladies' boarding-schools have welcomed the whole of it into their households, and readers generally delight in it because it is such a great story and of so admirable a power to cure the ailments of the soul. If a newspaper discussion of its proprieties results in carrying it to new readers, that will be a considerable good, and certainly those Philadelphia girls who don't read it in school must be sure to read it out of school, for it is one of the books that persons who have souls ought not to miss. One of the delightful experiences of life is to read *Les Misérables* for the first time. Where is there another single book of equal power to make bad people long to be good, to make weak people long to be strong, and to awaken in strictly good people a realization of charity? It is doubtful if the American Tract Society has in its whole list so far-reaching and strenuous a Christian document as *Les Misérables*.

Citizens of New York who are worrying over the Mayoralty contest, and are in doubt as to which of the four leading candidates they should vote for, must envy the made-up mind of Dr. Isaac R. Funk, who is frankly opposed to all four. Dr. Funk's special interest in political life, as is well known, is the contrivance of means to keep alcohol out of human beings. He finds all the candidates lacking in devotion to this work. It is a work all thoughtful people are interested in, and which most thoughtful persons approve in so far as they think it is feasible. But besides those who don't think it feasible, there are some thinkers nowadays who disbelieve in its expediency. These persons, while they recognize the value of abstemiousness, still disapprove of the elimination of alcohol from our communities. They believe it is useful in its destructiveness, and that it makes for human progress to have within reasonably easy reach an agent of such efficacy in killing off the unfit. There is sense in that view; and yet this useful destructiveness of alcohol seems fitter to be regarded as a compensation for ruin that will inevitably result than as an advantage to be procured by direct effort, or even by wholesale neglect.

The continuous residents of Andover, Massachusetts, constitute only a fraction of the people who are interested in everything of importance that pertains to that town. A village that has been for more than a century in the business of educating boys from all parts of the country, that has harbored a famous theological seminary for ninety years, and a noted academy for girls for nearly seventy years, naturally has friends and partisans everywhere. Every one who knows and cares for Andover knows Indian Ridge, and will be glad to learn that the effort to save that beautiful and interesting piece of woodland as a public reservation is making good progress. Of the $4000 needed to buy the tract and keep it as a forest reservation $2600 has been raised, and a faithful committee is at work to get the remaining $1400. Subscriptions are received and acknowledged by Miss Alice Buck, Andover, Massachusetts.

San Francisco's monument to Robert Louis Stevenson was to have been dedicated on October 18. It is a fountain twelve feet high, the chief feature of it being the bronze casting of a sixteenth century Spanish galleon—the *Bonaventure*—with all sails spread, speeding in quest of treasure and new stories. It stands in the old Plaza, and there is no site in this country that could suit it better. San Francisco is to be congratulated on having this monument. They say it does credit to its designers, Messrs. Porter and Polk, and to the sculptor, Mr. Pipers. Certainly it is a credit to San Francisco's Guild of Arts and Crafts, which proposed it, for the idea was fit and good.

Medical-Director Newton L. Bates, who was appointed on October 1 to succeed General Rufus Tryon as Surgeon-General and Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in the Navy Department, has recently had charge of the Museum of Hygiene in Washington, and is the President's family physician. He entered the service in 1861 as Assistant Surgeon, appointed from New York, and was attached to the Naval Hospital at New York. During the war he served on the *Seneca* with the South Atlantic squadron, in the Naval Laboratory in New York, and on the *Benton* with the Mississippi squadron. He was commissioned Surgeon in 1865, was a member of the Board of Examiners from 1878 to 1880, and in 1881 was commissioned Medical Inspector. From 1880 to 1882 he was in charge of the Naval Hospital at Yokohama. In 1888 he became Medical Director. After this paragraph was in type, Dr. Bates died suddenly on the morning of October 18.

A Boston contemporary permits itself to discuss the prospects of the Harvard Golf Club team, heralding its acquisition of a new player, named Clark, from New York, and speculating on its chances in a match with Yale. It may not be good policy to forbid college boys to play golf, for it is an innocent sport, and there are some lads, not robust enough for more violent exercises, whose necessities it suits. But certainly no license should be issued for inter-collegiate golf matches. If college boys golf at all, it should only be by sufferance, and as inconspicuously as possible. Tennis, boating, football, baseball, and the like are the fit sports for youth. Golf, as President Eliot has justly observed, is an old man's game. Youth should not encroach upon it, and certainly should not presume to excel at it. For young lads at college to go regularly in to be golfers, without serving any apprenticeship to peg-top, tennis, football, and the rest, is scandalous. Tyng is a Harvard graduate and a golfer; so is Quincy Shaw; but, bless us! they didn't golf in college. Tyng, as will be recalled, was a perennial pitcher on the Harvard nine, and Shaw, in his youth, was of renown in tennis. Now these elders (Mr. Shaw must be as old as twenty-five), having earned their privilege, may properly enough cheat their growing infirmities by winning golf matches. Youngsters may learn a little golf, as they learn whist, as a provision against old age. Often when players happen to be scarce, and some old gentleman feels inclined to go round the links, it is a convenience to have a competent youngster for a companion, just as an intelligent boy may be called in to take a fourth hand in whist; but the policy of letting young lads play matches, either against one another or against grown persons, is altogether mistaken, and fit to be frowned upon and discouraged.

We are likely to learn soon what sort of a soldiers' and sailors' monument is to be erected at the Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street entrance to Central Park. That site is not yet absolutely determined upon, but it is so strongly favored as to be virtually selected. Seven architects, each co-operating with a sculptor who had been invited to send in plans, have placed their designs in the hands of the Memorial Commission consisting of Mayor Strong, Comptroller Fitch, Commissioner Collis, Recorder Goff, President McMillan of the Park Board, and Colonel Golden, chairman of the G. A. R. Memorial Committee. The prevailing scheme in the designs is reported to be a column with base and capital adorned with sculpture.

The American representatives at the international congress of architects, held at Brussels last month, were Mr. George Totten, of the office of the supervising architect of the Treasury, Mr. Albert Kelsey, of the T Square Club of Philadelphia, and Mr. James Kelly, of Boston. There were 800 delegates present from fourteen countries. Mr. Kelsey discoursed to them in French about the state of architecture in the United States.

Mr. Edward H. Strobel, American minister to Chile during the latter part of President Cleveland's administration, has turned over his official duties to his successor, but still lingers in South America, for a reason worth recording. When disagreement lately arose on some point between Chile and France, it was agreed that the point in dispute should be decided by a board of arbitration—to consist of an arbitrator chosen by the French minister to Chili, one chosen by the Chilian Foreign Secretary, and a third to be agreed upon by these two. When the secretary and the minister had made their choice, it was found that they had each selected Mr. Strobel, and it was therefore agreed that the matter should be referred to him alone; so, although no longer the representative of our government, he will be detained in Chile for some months longer, probably until spring.

This incident is particularly notable from the fact that when Mr. Strobel went to Chile, Americans were excessively unpopular in that country, and his methods as Uncle Sam's representative have availed not only to make him personally acceptable, but to bring about a sentiment of amity toward the people of the United States. Appreciation of his work was abundantly expressed at the dinner given to him at Santiago on his retirement. The effort that was made to have Mr. Strobel retained in office, because of his exceptional fitness for the diplomatic service, must seem, in the light of these developments, to have been altogether justified. That it did not succeed is matter for regret—not on Mr. Strobel's account, because he is sure to find acceptable employment—but because for the time being it takes out of the public service a man too well qualified and of too valuable an experience to be spared without loss.

The escape of Señorita Cossio (better known by her mother's name, Cisneros) from captivity in Havana would seem to be an unmixed blessing. The impression of a New York newspaper that it was brought about by the contrivance of its Havana correspondents seems to be well founded, and would appear to entitle the successful journal not only to a liberal amount of self-laudation, but to the gratitude of Miss Cossio and her friends, and to the thanks of the Spanish government in Cuba, which had many good reasons for wanting to be rid of Miss Cossio, and had no prospect of advantage from keeping her shut up. Whether the extreme publicity which has been given to the details of her escape will make the lot of other political prisoners in Havana more tolerable, and whether it will enlarge the privileges of American newspaper reporters in Cuba, are matters which are perhaps worth considering, even though it is now somewhat late for thought taken about them to have practical results.

The possibility that New York may sometime have an underground rapid-transit system makes the recent Boston experiment in that method of transportation particularly interesting to New-Yorkers. In this issue of the Weekly is published a picture, made in pen and ink, from Boston's famous "Brimstone Corner," of the Tremont Street Mall of Boston Common as it appears since the subway has been completed to the point which Mr. Garrett shows. The subway was designed to relieve the congestion in Tremont Street, which, as visitors to Boston will remember, was traversed all day at this point by two continuous lines of street cars. Now eighty cars an hour reach the Park Street station (shown in the picture) underground. For years Boston Common has been held as sacred soil, and any attempt to encroach upon it for any purpose has been fought with conscientious zeal; but now the iron fence on Tremont Street has been taken away, and the mall is used to provide entrances to the new underground electric road. It has been supposed that eventually when the subway is completed the tracks will be taken out of Tremont Street altogether. That may come, but it has not come yet. It is a current fable in Boston, told to account for the little subway houses which have cropped out on the mall, that one night the Public Library went over to the Common and reproduced its species. It is stated that Architect Wheelwright, in the original design for these little houses, planned such a continuous construction as would make them look like parts of an architectural whole, and somewhat less like sporadic kittens dropped and abandoned by the Public Library. But this plan, it seems, was thought to be too costly, and was modified, with the existing result.

College presidents gather nowadays at the inauguration of a college president, as bishops gather at the consecration of a bishop. The list of co-operators in the inauguration of Dr. Jerome Hall Raymond, on October 13, as president of West Virginia University, included President Andrews of Brown, President Harper of Chicago, President Adams of Wisconsin, President Wilson of Washington and Lee, Chancellor Holland of the Western University of Pennsylvania, President Hagerman of Bethany, the Bishop of West Virginia, Governor Atkinson, and Senators Faulkner and Elkins. The overflow of wisdom and erudition from so learned and distinguished a company should give Dr. Raymond an advantageous start.

It is interesting to learn from Mr. Blashfield's preface to a new edition of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters* (Scribner's) how much scientific research has been able to do during the last twenty years to set right Vasari's mistakes, and correct the notes which have gathered in succeeding editions since 1850. Paintings set down as lost have been found, frescoes have been discovered under whitewash, panel pictures have been transplanted from rotting boards, photography has detected unsuspected signatures, paintings long credited to one artist have been found to be the work of another, and important fruits of all sorts have resulted from the methods of the "detective school" of criticism which examines pictures and statues inch by inch.

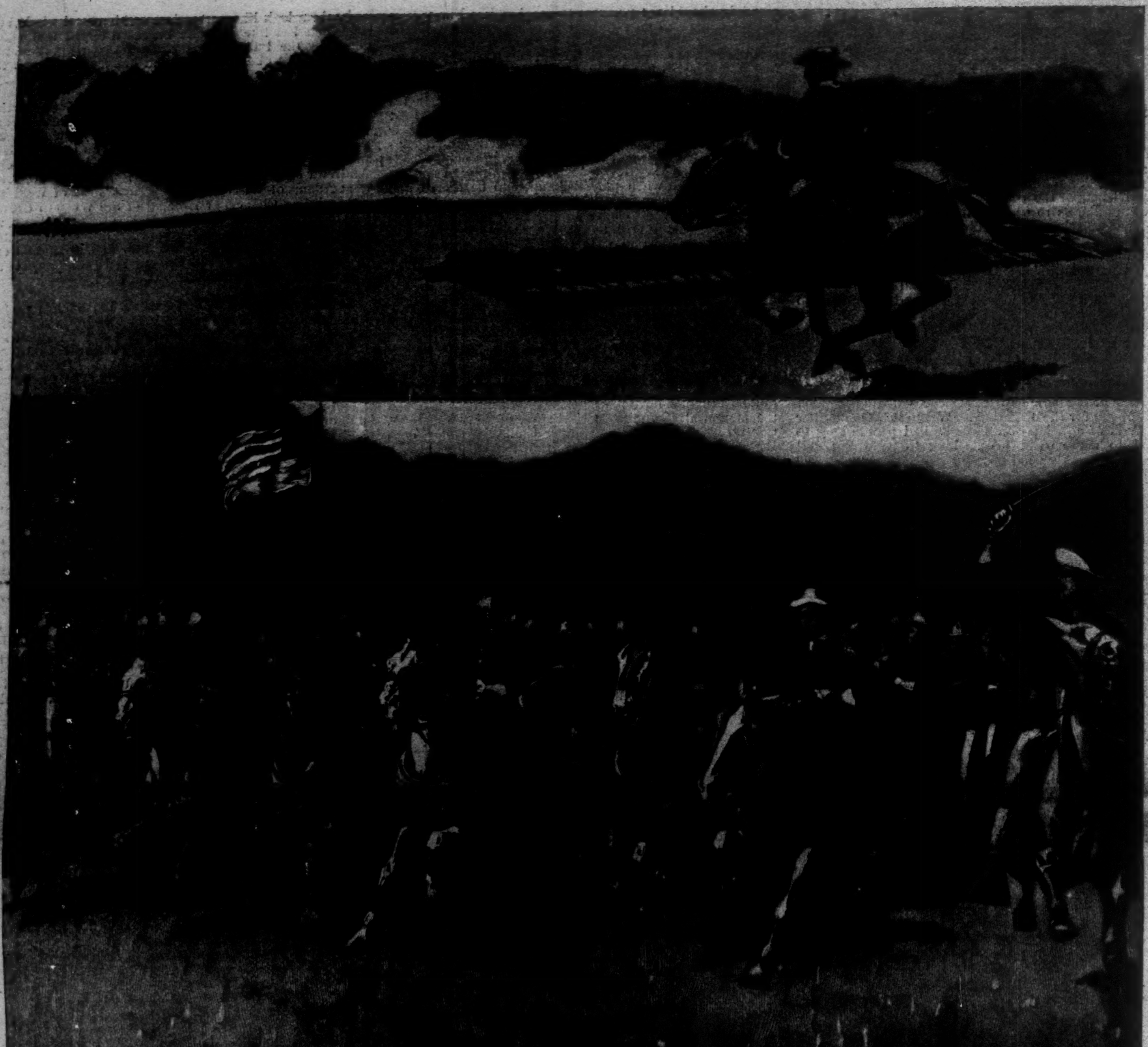
Some gratifying bits of information about the painters themselves have come, too, from the researches of laborious scholars who have ransacked archives and public and private records. It turns out that Fillippo Lippi married the nun Lucrezia, after getting the Pope's permission, and did not decline that alliance, as has been so long supposed, to his discredit. It has become doubtful, too, whether Andrea del Sarto was guilty of embezzlement; Perugino, who has figured as an atheistical miser, turns out to have been a generous man, giving his work to religious fraternities for little or no pay; and Andrea del Castagno is proved to have died years before Domenico Veneziano, whom he has been supposed to have murdered. These good gentlemen are to be congratulated on having their characters cleared even at this late day.

It is disclosed that Justice Field some time ago apprised the President of his desire to retire from active service in the Supreme Court, and that some time before Congress meets his successor will be appointed. A month or two ago note was taken in the Weekly of his long service as a member of the court, which began in 1863, and has outlasted even that of Chief-Justice Marshall. The Supreme Court has had greater jurists than Justice Field, but very few more valuable members, none more courageous, and perhaps none more notable. His personal characteristics have been by no means veiled by his judicial robes, but he has been as interesting as a judge as he is as a man. Men wise in the law find sound and important law in his opinions, which are valuable not only for the principles which they declare, but for their clear and strenuous diction. There is no need to wait for a future biographer to write "well done, good and faithful servant," across Justice Field's record. That can as well and as intelligently be done now, and it will stand *nemine dissentiente*.

A gentleman who came back from Europe in September has been surprised to find that he paid $\frac{1}{170}$ of all the duties collected in New York on the personal baggage of travellers coming home from Europe in that month. How many trunks do you suppose he brought? Forty? Thirty? Twenty, anyhow! No; just six, and three of them were steamer trunks. They contained the personal effects of four persons who had been abroad about six months, and it cost this conscientious traveller just about $100 apiece to bring them in. If a man with six trunks found that under the law he owed the government $600, what do you suppose was due from two men with fourteen trunks, who came home on the same steamer? A thousand dollars at least! No! The men with fourteen trunks paid nothing. They were merely bringing back the clothings and effects which they had taken over—or so, at least, they said in their declaration. The gentleman who paid $600 is afraid that the new tariff on personal baggage makes up in the encouragement of lying for what it lacks in the production of revenue.

New Bedford, though less amphibious than of yore, is not less prospered in her enterprises. At the celebration last week of the fiftieth anniversary of her incorporation as a city, Mayor Crapo said that her population in the last half-century had increased from 15,000 to 60,000, and her assessed wealth from $15,000,000 to $58,000,000. The Mayor spoke of the city's past tribulations—of the burning of her ships by Confederate cruisers (for which she was afterwards partly reimbursed); of the abandonment in a single day in 1871 of twenty-two of her whalers, hopelessly wrecked in the Arctic Ocean; and, "far more sad and disheartening than either, the violation of the laws of business morality and the abuse of business trust which in this semi-centennial year has brought sorrow and loss to individuals and deep humiliation to our city." The Mayor had in mind, of course, the wrecking of some of the great New Bedford cotton-mills, the details of which must be familiar to many readers of the Weekly. The violation of the laws of business morality is somewhat ominously prevalent in this land of the free. An American citizen, who is so situated as to know pretty well what goes on in the business world about him, is addicted to the opinion that the business morality of the British is very much stricter and more continuous than that of Americans. In evidence of the reasonableness of this opinion, he quotes the statement of an Englishman in business, thirty or thirty-five years old, that among his personal acquaintances only one had ever been accused of dishonesty, and in his case there was doubt. To those of us who add to a short list of friends in State prison a longer list of friends who have escaped indictment by mere good luck this seems remarkable.

E. S. Martin.



SHAM BATTLE AND REVIEW OF THE FIRST BRIGADE, NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK, AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK, OCTOBER 9.—[See Page 1050.]

1. The Wind-up of the Battle on the Plain. 2. Light Artillery drilling for General Wesley Merritt, U.S.A. 3. The Seventh Regiment marching. 4. Mounted Police catching a Runaway Horse on the Parade-Ground. 5. Troopers of Squadron "A" deploying as Skirmishers, dismounted.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEY were home by nine o'clock, and from there they could see plainly the great Turkish ship lying close to the quay, showing that they were in time. The attack, as Petrobey had told Mitsos, must of course be at night, and through the café-keeper Lélas they learned that she would sail the same evening, at midnight or thereabouts. This was convenient, for if she had sailed during the day it would have meant that they would have to follow her till it was dark, thus perhaps attracting suspicion, and certainly finding themselves many miles from home, out at sea, when their work was done. Lélas also showed them the caïque which Nicholas had told him to keep for Mitsos; and the boy, saying that he would go out at once to see how it sailed, got into it, leaving Yanni on the shore. Yanni winked at Mitsos as he got in, and remarking, "I am sorry I cannot go with you"—for he knew precisely where Mitsos was going, though his chance of seeing Suleima by day was absolutely *nil*—went back to Mitsos's father's house, and waited patiently for his return.

Lélas, who was an arrant gossip-monger, came in to say that the Turks were flying in all directions—some to Tripoli, some to Constantinople, some to Athens—since the news of the taking of Kalamata. Most of those about here, however, were going on board the war-ship, which was bound for the Peiræus, and to return with arms. "And tell me," he said, "what is Mitsos going to do with the caïque? I am sure it is some plot against the Turk."

But Yanni, seeing Nicholas had not thought fit to tell him, denied any knowledge of the purpose of the boat.

Meantime Mitsos had put out, and was sailing to the white wall. The wind was blowing lightly from the east, and he ran straight before it. The boat, lightly built, and carrying more sail than his, sailed faster when going straight before the wind, and he suspected would sail closer to it. Certainly it took the air like a bird, and though the breeze was but light, went along much quicker than his own would have done. That no doubt was why Nicholas, who knew as much about boats as if he had never set foot on dry land, had chosen it; and Mitsos glanced towards the big ship moored off the quay at Nauplia, and mentally gave it twenty minutes' start in an hour's run. How it would blaze!

Twenty minutes brought him nearly up to the wall, and then he took in the sail and drifted. There was no one on the terrace. That was unusual on a fine morning, when there were often two or three of the servants about, or a woman from the harem. How quiet it looked! Yet, though he did not see Suleima, it was something to know she was near, sitting, it might be, at the back of the garden or in-doors. Perhaps Zuleika had the toothache, and she was unapproachable; perhaps the two were talking together; perhaps they were talking of him, wondering when he would come again.

In the further of the two walls running away from the sea was a small door, and Mitsos's boat had drifted till this appeared in view, and looking up from his reverie he saw that it was open. This was even more unusual. He had never seen it open before, and he sat for a moment or two frowning, wondering at it. Then suddenly the smile was struck from his face; a possibility too horrible to think of, suggested by those open doors at Mistra, had dawned upon him, and, regardless of his imprudence, he took up an oar, put the boat to land, and tying it up, went straight to the open door. The garden was empty, the house door was open, and, more convincing than all, a hare ran across the path and hid itself in the undergrowth of a flower-bed.

Then with a flash the horrible possibility became to his mind a certainty. The house was empty and deserted. Abdul and the household had fled; a ship was now at Nauplia to carry away the fugitives; that ship he was going to destroy, consigning all on it to a death among the flames, from which there was no escape. Abdul was surely there, and with Abdul and his household....

Mitsos stood there a long minute with wide unseeing eyes. For a moment the horror of his position drowned his consciousness as a blow stuns the brain. Then, as his reason came back to him, he realized that he could not—that he was physically unable—to do this thing. The fire ship should not start. No, it must start; for there was Yanni with him, who knew about it, and he cursed himself for having taken Yanni. But so be it; it should start, but he should be unable to set light to it, or, setting light to it, it should only drift by the other and not harm her. For it was no question of choice—he could not do it!

Thus thought poor Mitsos as he sailed home again. It seemed to him that nothing in the world mattered except Suleima, and by the bitter irony of fate the man in the world whom he most loved and respected had told him to destroy, with all on board, the ship in which Suleima was. On the one hand stood Nicholas, his father, Petrobey, Yanni, and the whole clan of those dear warm-hearted cousins, who had treated him as a brother, yet half divine; on the other, Suleima, and Suleima was more to him than them all. Suleima was part of himself—dearer than his hand or his eye; and besides—besides—

Yanni was having dinner when he entered the house, but when he saw Mitsos he sprang up.

"Mitsos!" he cried. "Mitsos, what is the matter?"

Mitsos looked at him a moment in silence; but that craving of the human spirit for sympathy in trouble, whether the sympathy is given by man or beast, overpowered him. Though in his own mind he had settled that he could not destroy this ship, the trouble of his struggle was sore upon him.

"Yanni," he whispered, "there will be no fire-ship. Abdul has gone—has fled with all the house, with Suleima among them. Where has he fled but on to the ship we are to destroy? I cannot do it."

Yanni sank down again in his chair.

"Oh, Mitsos!" he said. "Poor Mitsos! God forgive us all!"

Mitsos glanced at him, frowning.

"'Poor Mitsos'!" he said. "Why do you say 'Poor Mitsos'? Do you think I am going to do this?"

"You are not going to do it?"

"No," shouted Mitsos. "It is not I who choose. There is no choice. I cannot!"

"But the clan, the oath to obey—"

"There are bigger things than clans or oaths," said Mitsos.

Yanni sat silent, and Mitsos suddenly flared up again.

"How dare you sit there," he cried, "and let your silence blame me? You, whom I rescued from the house of Mehemet; who but for me would have been rotting in the ground, or worse than that—you, whom I saved when a cross-legged Turk had you on the ground—"

"Mitsos!" said Yanni, looking at him without fear or anger, but stung intolerably.

For a moment or two Mitsos sat still, but then the blessed relief of tears came.

"What have I said to you, Yanni?" he sobbed. "O God, forgive me, for I know not what I said. Yet how can I do this? Oh, of course you are right, and I—I—Yanni, is it not hard? What was it I said to you? Something devilish, I know. Don't give me up, Yanni; there is none—there will soon be none who loves me as you do."

Yanni's great black eyes grew soft with tears, and he put his arm round Mitsos's neck as his head lay on the table.

"Oh, Mitsos! poor little Mitsos!" he said again; "what is to be done? If only Nicholas or my father knew—and yet you could not, and cannot, tell them. Perhaps she is not on the ship, you know."

"Perhaps—perhaps—oh, perhaps she is!" cried Mitsos.

The two sat there in silence for a time, stricken almost out of consciousness by this appalling thing. At last Mitsos raised his head.

"There is nothing more to be said," he muttered. "I have no idea what I shall do. To do the thing or not to do it—both are impossible. But, Yanni, just tell me you forgive what I said just now, and give forgiveness, for this is a hard, weary day for me."

Yanni smiled.

"Forgiveness is no word from me to you, dear Mitsos,"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

he said. "There is nothing you could do or say to me for which you need ask that."

Mitsos looked up at him with dumb, dry eyes and a quivering mouth.

"Forget it, too, Yanni, and tell me it will make no change between us. For, in truth, I do not know what I said."

"There, there," said Yanni, soothingly; "the thing is not; it has never been."

The hours went on slowly and silently; Mitsos said nothing, but lay like some suffering animal in the veranda that has crept away to die alone of a mortal wound, and Yanni was wise enough to leave him quite to himself, for his struggle was one that had to be wrestled out alone without help or sympathy from others. But gradually and very slowly the mist of irresolution passed away from Mitsos's brain, and he felt that he would decide one way or the other. Meantime the sun had sunk to its setting, and Yanni prepared food and took some out to Mitsos with wine.

"Eat, drink," he said. "You have not eaten since morning."

"I am not hungry," said Mitsos, listlessly.

For answer Yanni took up the glass of wine and held it to him.

"Drink it quickly, Mitsos; you are faint for something," he said, "and then I will take it and fill it again."

Mitsos obeyed like a sick child, and Yanni took the glass to fill it again. This time he waited a moment and then said:

"You must make up your mind, Mitsos. If you settle to do nothing, tell me, and I must think for myself."

Mitsos nodded.

"I will come in in half an hour and tell you," he said. "That will be time enough. Please leave me alone again, Yanni; it is better so."

Yanni went back into the house. His warm-hearted nature and his intense love for Mitsos made him suffer, he felt, as much as he was capable of suffering. He would willingly have changed places with Mitsos had it been possible, for he felt he could not suffer more, but so Mitsos would suffer less. Oh, poor Mitsos! whose strength and habit of laughter availed him nothing.

It was less than half an hour later when Mitsos came in; his face was drawn and white, and he felt deadly tired. He did not look at Yanni, but merely stood in the doorway, his eyes cast down.

"Come, Yanni," he said, "it is time we should start. Where are the cans of turpentine and the wood?"

"In the boat; I put them there."

Mitsos looked up at him sharply.

"So you meant to do it yourself if I did not?"

"I meant to try."

Men walk firmly to the scaffold when they are to die for a good cause, and martyrs have seen their wives and children tortured or burned before their eyes and wavered not, and it was this courage of absolute conviction which nerved the poor lad now. With his whole heart he believed in the right of this exterminating war against the Turk; he had put himself unreservedly at the service of its leaders, and they had laid an order on him. He had made of himself a part of a machine, and should a jarring axle speak to the driver and say it would go no further? Thus it was that with a firm step and with no tenderness, but only despair and conviction clutching at his heart, that he walked down with Yanni to the beach, and having looked over all the apparatus, and seen that nothing was wanting, pushed off, and helping him to set the sail, took his place at the helm.

The enterprise they were embarked on was dangerous. The caïque in which they sat was piled with inflammable material, and carried four large cans of turpentine with which they were going to soak the sails and piles of brushwood which they carried. They were to run up to the Turkish ship, tie their boat up to it, and entangle it in the rigging, set fire to it, jump into the small boat they towed behind them, and row off. The flames would spread like lightning over the boat, giving them hardly a second to escape, and they might easily be seen and shot at while they were lighting her and before they could row off, and this element of danger, perhaps, was a help to poor Mitsos.

The night at least was favorable to their adventure, being thickly clouded, and with a fine fresh breeze, thus enabling them to come up quickly, and also under cover of darkness. Otherwise the moon, which was nearly full, would have doubled their peril. The wind was from the east, so that the ship would probably run straight before it for a mile or so before turning south of the gulf, and the time to attack her would be just when she turned, for she would then be far enough from the shore to render her destruction inevitable, and the moment of slack speed as she put about would enable them to run into her full speed. At present they would approach within about a quarter of a mile, and lie there waiting for her to put out.

There was still plenty of time, and when Mitsos let the boat run straight before the wind, instead of going straight to Nauplia, Yanni had no need to ask him why, for he knew where he was going, and kept his eyes away, for he could not bear to see Mitsos's agony. For a little while the despair and conviction had left him, and the hour of his agony was on him again. And as they neared the white wall, which glimmered faintly under the cloudy night, he thought his heart would break within him. They passed it quickly under the ever-freshening breeze, and Mitsos looked at it as a man looks on the dead form of his dearest, the house which she had inhabited in life. To him Suleima was dead, a memory only, insufferably sweet, ineffably bitter, and when the wall faded again into the blackness, he felt as if he had buried her whom he had loved and murdered. Then putting about, they ran past the island, and saw the lights of Nauplia growing near and large.

In the foreground was the tall black hull of the Turkish ship, outlined with lights. The deck was brilliantly lit, and they could hear sounds of talking and laughing coming from it. The sailors were evidently preparing to put to sea, for now and then a little figure of a man, like some busy insect, would move up the line of rigging, adjusting something with busy antennæ, and loud voices seemed to be shouting orders. Then a bell rang on board, and a rope end splashed into the water and was pulled on deck.

They had drifted a little out to sea, and Mitsos tacked back again to within three hundred yards of the ship, and finding shallow water, cast anchor. Two long hours went by, but neither spoke; only the freshening wind whistled in the rigging, the clouds got thick, promising a stormy night, and on board the Turk they made ready to go to sea. A row of open port-holes showed a necklace of light, each light making a column of reflection upon the smooth waters of the bay. Then a lantern was mounted up on to the foremast, and another run out in the bows. Presently after came the grating sound of the anchor being drawn home, and a small sail was set, sufficient in this wind to take her slowly out of the harbor. Now a light in the town behind was hidden behind her bows, and another sprang up from behind the stern, and she moved along the quay, stately and slow, and, clear of the buoy at the end, she put up another sail.

Mitsos watched her intently, and then without a word he pulled up the anchor and ran up the sail, and silently they went in pursuit. But their light boat went too fast with its sail full spread, and when they had approached again to within two or three hundred yards he took in a couple of reefs, which equalized their speed, or if anything allowed the other to gain on them a little.

And so they followed in the wake of the great condemned ship, out past the harbor lights, round the end of the peninsula beyond the town, and into the black, foam-flecked gulf outside. The lights grew small and far away, the land faded to a dark shadow which brooded on the horizon, and the two craft, one with its immense cargo of human creatures, the other with a couple of beardless Greek lads, but with how strange a burden of anguish and destruction, were shut off from all sound and sights except the threats of rising waves.

Then Mitsos rose and pointed to the cans of turpentine.

"Empty one on the brushwood in the bows," he said to Yanni, "and give me another."

He climbed up the mast, and resting the tin on the yard, took out the cork and let the contents dribble down over the sail. When this was empty, he came quickly down again and flushed the whole deck with another tinful, while Yanni poured the fourth on to the remainder of the fuel.

Then in a hard, dry voice,

"Let out the sail," he said, "and climb into the boat behind, but give me the lantern first."

Yanni handed him the dark lantern, which they had lit before starting, and pulling the boat in under the stern of the caïque, jumped on board. Under the full-spread sail they drew rapidly nearer the doomed ship, and when they were within a hundred yards they heard its rudder splash and stir like some great fish under water, and the speed slackened as she turned south. Mitsos, who had never felt cooler or more collected in his life, went straight on, so as to strike her sideways below the huge overhanging stern. He calculated the speed they were going and the distance to perfection, and just as Yanni became aware of a great black thing with a panel of light in it overhead, he heard a crash, and broken glass fell over him. The mast of the caïque had gone right through one of the windows in the stern. Their boat gave a great lurch, and Mitsos sprang off into the small boat astern, still with the lantern in his hand.

"Quick, quick!" he said; "that I cannot do."

Yanni jumped up, and crouching beneath the stern of the caïque thrust the lantern into a heap of brushwood impregnated with petroleum. It caught and flared up in a moment, and while from the Turkish ship came sudden confused sounds and runnings to and fro, the flame leaped along the caïque from stern to bows, ran like a flash of lightning up the sail, and was driven by the wind right into the broken panel. Next moment Mitsos, having untied the boat, pushed off backwards into the darkness, and both the boys, seizing their oars, rowed for life. But the blaze between them and the ship had made it impossible for those on board to see them, and after five minutes or so Yanni, blown and streaming with perspiration, saw Mitsos drop his oar and sink down to the bottom of the boat and lie there as if dead.

Round three-quarters of the horizon was dense darkness, inhabited only by the rushing wind, but in front a column of fire rose up, crowned with clouds of smoke. The flames leaped up over the stern of the ship, the steersman fled for his life further forward, and, left to itself, the ship swung round into the wind, dragging its destroyer behind it, the flames from which, driven straight before it, licked greedily round the timbers of its victim. In a few moments the tar in the seams began to melt and run, every now and then breaking into flame like burning sealing-wax, and the planks of the upper decks were parted a fraction of an inch as it dripped down. Then the timbers themselves began to fizzle and crack, giving each moment new crevices for the fire to glide into, and the window where the mast of the caïque had penetrated showed red, burning lips like a horrible square mouth; volumes of smoke began to pour forward between the decks, driving those who were throwing unavailing water on to the flames upstairs to make another hopeless attempt from there. The women and children ran forward with shrill screams, and could be seen standing, like a flock of frightened sheep, huddled together. Then a boat was let down, but before it touched the water a tongue of flame sprang out from one of the windows below it, driving upwards so fiercely that those who were holding the ropes let go, and it fell splashing into the sea.

Soon with a crash the aft part of the deck, all charred and no longer able to support its own weight, fell in a huge shower of embers and half-burnt or blazing pieces of timber, and again the flames leaped higher and moved forward along the ship. The iron davits supporting the boat corresponding to the one which had fallen into the sea still stood firm, but like an island in a sea of flame, and the fire, reaching up, caught it, and set it blazing, hanging there apart and separate from the greater conflagration like a huge burning signal of distress. Soon, however, the side of the ship which held the davits fell in, and the boat dropped blazing into the water.

The fire had now reached to the mainmast, and in a moment caught the sail. Then after a few seconds, in which the smoke redoubled itself, the great sheet of canvas caught, and flared upwards in a pillar of flame. Great burnt pieces fell off and strewed the deck, other lighter fragments were borne away like birds in the wind, and fled seawards, flapping and blazing. Then with another crash a second portion of the deck fell in, hissing and spluttering the sea. Mingled with this sight came the shrill cries of fright, despair, and pain. Some jumped overboard and found their death in what might have been their safety; others ran up and down the deck, which grew hotter and hotter, now scribbled over by lines of burning pitch; some seized up water-cans and tried even then to stop the flames; and more than one man ran to where the flames were fiercest, preferring to die at once. Then without warning came the end. A frightful explosion tore the air; the ship parted in the middle, for the flames had reached the powder-magazine, and in smoke and steam and human cries, she went down, and a minute afterwards there was silence but for the wind, and blackness.

The explosion roused Mitsos and he looked up.

"What was that?" he said to Yanni.

"It is all over," replied Yanni. "She exploded and went down."

"All over! Thank God!" and he sank down again.

Yanni rowed on steadily, though it was hard work against the wind, and in an hour or so he saw the lights on the quay not more than a quarter of a mile off. It was still crowded with people who had been watching the fire, and he kept out in the darkness until he had passed it, and then came in closer to the shore, so as to be shielded a little from the wind by the land, and rowed steadily on till he came to the landing-place opposite Mitsos's house. Then he touched the other on the shoulder.

"Get up, dear Mitsos," he said; "we are here."

Mitsos raised himself and followed Yanni across the road to the house. They went in, locking the door behind them, and Mitsos, still silent, lay down on the window-seat, staring with dry eyes into the darkness. But in a few moments a knock came, and Yanni went to the door to see who it was.

"It is I, Lélas," said a voice.

Yanni unwillingly undid the door, and the fat, urbane café-keeper came in smiling.

"Eh, but you two have lost a fine sight," he said. "A Turkish ship blazing down to the water's edge, and then bang she went, and there'll not be a soul to tell the tale."

Mitsos in his window-seat shuddered and half sat up.

"I wish there had been more on board," continued Lélas. "Why, I'd have given a week's wage if that old Abdul and his poultry-yard of women had been there."

Next moment he was aware of two great hands half throttling him.

"Abdul—who—which Abdul?" said Mitsos, his face close to Lélas, and hissing out the words. "Speak, you damned pig of the pit."

"Abdul—this Abdul here—let go—Abdul Achmet, of course. He and his went to Tripoli yesterday. May you burn in hell for throttling me, you young devil."

But Mitsos heard nothing after "Abdul Achmet." He dropped his hold on Lélas, and stood looking across at Yanni, while new life ran in spate through his veins. Then he flung his arm round the neck of the astonished Lélas, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Oh, fat man, but I love you for what you have said," he cried. "Yanni, Yanni, we will make the fat man drunk with wine, for he has made me drunk with joy. Oh, oh—"

And he flung out of the room with a great shout.

Lélas felt his neck tenderly.

"Is Mitsos quite mad, or only a little mad?" he asked, severely.

"Quite mad, I think," said Yanni. "Oh, little Mitsos, wait a minute."

He found him outside, but the dry-eyed anguish was turned to a joy which brimmed his eyes. Yanni thrust his arm through his, and they stood there a moment in silence, and had no need of speech, for both hearts were overflowing, and mingled with each other.

Into the Greek camp on Taygetus there came flocking day by day fresh bands of recruits from all the country-side, and all brought fresh tales of the rise of the Greeks. The taking of Kalamata had been flame to tinder, and in a hundred villages the patriots had risen, attacking and slaughtering those of the hated race who lived among them, burning their dwellings, and capturing women and children. In other cases, though rarely, the Turks had been prepared, and the tale was of slaughter and pillage among the Greeks, but for the most part the oppressors had slumbered on in their soft indolent life till the hand of vengeance had gripped them. Inglorious though these deeds were, they were inevitable, for slaves who break their bonds are not apt to deal judicially, and vengeance —"that rough justice"—was in this case very just. Then when the slaughter was done the bands would march to join one of the two centres, at Kalavryta or on Taygetus, but for the most part the latter, for Petrobey was still commander-in-chief, and to his army belonged the prestige of the siege and capture of Kalamata. But soon the numbers became unmanageable, and he and Nicholas at length resolved to strike a second blow. Messenia, in which the only stronghold of the Sultan had been Kalamata, no longer gave opportunity for anything but guerilla warfare, but in Arcadia there were several fortified places which would have to be reduced, or at any rate rendered unavailing to send help to Tripoli, before the latter place was attacked.

Chief among these was Karitena, standing on a precipitous hill above the gorge of the Alpheus, a fortified town, and almost exclusively Turkish, and it was against this place that Petrobey suggested the second attack should be made. It was particularly necessary that the unorganized rabble who were pouring in should both have something to do and also learn something of war, so his proposal to Nicholas was that he should organize some sort of army out of these, taking with him as leaven some of the better drilled men who had been at Kalamata, besiege and take the place if possible, and if not, give the men some idea of what a forced march meant, and a notion of military discipline. If the siege for any reason was unpracticable he could still do some useful skirmishing work in Arcadia.

Meantime Petrobey would move his quarters into the hills between the upper Arcadian plain and Tripoli, so that in case of disaster they could get quickly back into connection with the rest of the army, and at the same time from there they could watch Nauplia. He would, however, quarter a small body of men in the pass between Arcadia and Messenia, and leave another depot in the present camp, so that if the Turks attempted to land troops at Kalamata, they would find both the passes from Messenia blocked.

Nicholas fell in with the scheme, and two days after-

wards set out with perhaps the least efficient army that it has ever fallen to the lot of a general to command. But he had deliberately chosen them from the most ill-prepared and ill-equipped of the recruits, for somehow or other all this raw material had to be licked into shape, and obviously it was better to take in hand at once the roughest of the material, which would require the most drilling. But they were all hardy out-of-door folk, accustomed to sleep on the hills and to eat the roughest food with cheerfulness, but were exactly those who would most speedily become a drag and a demoralization if left idle in camp.

So on the third morning they set out, running and scattering down the mountain-side, among the bushes and rugged rocks, taking the short-cut down to the plain, where it might be possible to give them some sort of formation. The baggage and commissariat mules had preceded them by a few hours, and were to wait for them when they got down to level ground.

Two days' march, or rather tramp, brought them to Megalopolis, standing in the centre of the upper Arcadian plain. They found the town in the hands of the insurgent Greeks, a body of whom, consisting of about two hundred men, joined Nicholas. Here, too, they found the same tale of murder and pillage, but already the evil which was to do such harm to the Greek cause generally, namely, the personal greed for plunder, had crept in, and the insurgents were already quarrelling over the distribution of the booty. But Nicholas, with fine indignation, though amid murmurs of suppressed grumbling, was hot with reproach. Was it for a few piastres, he said, that they were up in arms? Was the chance of liberty for the nation to be thrown away for a cask of wine or a Turkish slave? And, taking the whole matter in his own hands, he reserved half the booty taken for the expenses of the war, and half he divided as fairly as he could between the claimants.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

BY THOMAS MORGAN PRENTICE.

AMONG the many historic structures within the borders of this country, none possess stronger claims for recognition than the venerable church edifices which look back upon a century or more of existence. Many have been centres of patriotic impulses, are closely linked with the early struggles in this country's history, and are venerated by churchman and patriot. In the quiet churchyards lies all that is mortal of the master-builders of the republic—soldier, philosopher, cavalier, statesman, scientist, and poet lie side by side. The bells which summoned them to prayer still solemnly toll the hours, and the straight pews, once resplendent with powdered wigs and swords, velvet knee-breeches and gold buckles, are mute reminders of a past generation of aristocratic worshippers. Many of the earlier structures were severely plain, and although English ecclesiastical architecture was copied to some extent, but few good examples of Gothic architecture antedate the Revolution. While perhaps the largest number of historic fanes are found within the limits of New England—Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, and especially Virginia, may well be proud of the well-preserved examples of Colonial church architecture which they possess.

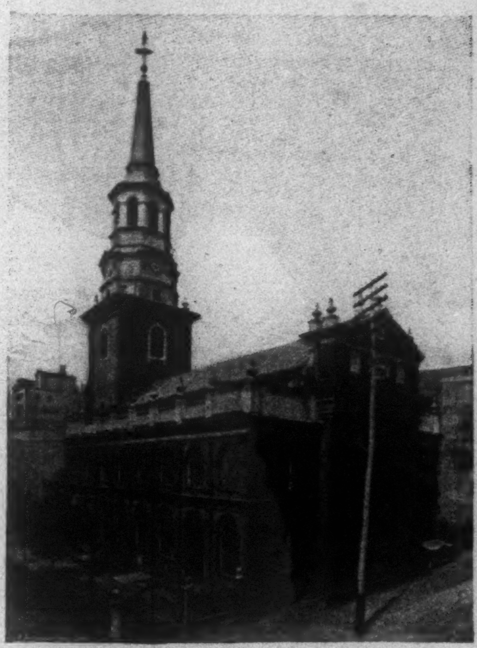
In 1634 there was erected in Salem, by the first Protestant church organized in America, a small and plain church edifice, which served as a house of worship for many years. This is still standing in the rear of Plummer Hall on Essex Street. Compared with it, the architecture of later New England meeting-houses is ornate. There is an absence of anything denoting the sanctuary, save the small diamond-shaped panes of glass.

At Jamestown, Virginia, stands an ancient ruin, all that remains of what is probably the earliest edifice erected for religious purposes on this continent north of Mexico. The crumbling walls, of which little remains but a portion of the Norman tower, commemorate the earliest English settlement, as well as the first resistance to British rule in the colonies.

One hundred years before the Declaration of Independence, in the twilight of a September afternoon, Jamestown was burned by those opposed to English despotism. But little is known regarding the early history of the picturesque ruins, or of those who reared the massive walls, but they stand, one of the most interesting reminders of a former generation.

Next in point of interest is the "Bruton Parish Church" at Williamsburg, erected in 1715, and in a remarkable state of preservation. It is difficult to believe that one hundred and eighty years have passed since its walls were reared. Here is the original Jamestown communion service, and the font in which, according to tradition, Pocahontas was baptized. This Virginia landmark speaks eloquently of the days of cavaliers and of the pomp and magnificence of that period.

In the picturesque and historic locality of Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Virginia, some ten miles from Fort Monroe, stands an ancient church whose history is closely linked with many memories famous in the early history of America. Sycamore, oak, and walnut trees closely surround and overshadow the nave, while the Norman tower points heavenward as if striving to rival the giant oaks. Written records and well-sustained tradition prove the church to have been erected in 1632, many of the bricks bearing this date. The sun rises directly on the large east window, the orientation being perfect. This east window is composed of seventeen separate windows, divided by brick mullions. Under the restoration recently completed, twelve of the latter are memorials—first of Washington; and others of General Robert E. Lee; Captain Bridger, who built the church; Parson Hubbard, its last Colonial rector; four Bishops of Virginia (Madison, Moore, Meade, and Johns); Sir Walter Raleigh; John Rolfe; Captain John Smith; and Parson Blair, who founded William and Mary College. For two hundred and four years the church was used as a house of worship, but was abandoned in 1836, since when relic-hunters have been industriously at work carrying off sections of the interior bodily. Little more than the walls remained in 1887, when the work of restoration was undertaken by Rev. David Barr, senior assistant rector of the Church of the Epiphany at Washington, which has been carried to successful completion. Contributions



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

poured in from people of all denominations, North and South, twenty-one States and the District of Columbia being represented. An interesting feature of the work was the incorporation of 2000 bricks from the ruins of an ancient Colonial church nine miles up the James River. The pulpit and sounding-board, as well as the elaborately carved oaken communion table, are memorials donated by descendants of early parishioners in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The new chancel rail is from the oak frame of the original roof, which fell in 1887. The restored structure is an interesting and unique example of early church architecture.

At Alexandria, Virginia, stands an ancient church in nearly its original condition, Christ Church, whose architect bore the name of Wren—not, however, Sir Christopher; it was completed in 1773. In November, 1766, the vestry, of whom George Washington was one, levied an assessment of 31,185 pounds of tobacco to build two churches, Christ Church being one. The specifications called for shingles of juniper, mortar to be two-thirds lime and one-third sand, the pediments to be in the "Tuscan," and altar, pulpit, and canopy in the "Ionic order." Washington was the purchaser of pew No. 5, for £36 10s.

The old records show some curious entries: £2 10s. was collected of Bryan Fairfax in 1770 for "killing deer out of season," and Thomas Lewis was fined five shillings for "hunting on the Sabbath." The money thus collected went for the support of the poor, the lame, and the blind, and buried the dead. The old records show that seats were assigned according to rank or for special reasons. One Susannah Edwards officiated as sexton, to the entire satisfaction of the congregation. The old edifice had neither chimney nor fireplace until 1812, foot-stoves furnishing the only warmth. The most conspicuous families in the early history of Virginia were worshippers at Christ Church—the Adamses, Herberts, Custises, Blackburns, Carlyles, Muirs, Broadwaters, Alexanders, and others equally prominent.

General Robert E. Lee attended Sunday-school and was baptized and confirmed in this church, and a tablet to his memory adorns the eastern wall.

During the occupancy of Alexandria by the Federal troops the rector and many of the parish fled within the Confederate lines, and the church was held by the military authorities. A large mound in the churchyard marks the resting-place of thirty-four Confederate soldiers who died in Federal hospitals in Alexandria.

In a sheltered nook in Radnor Valley, Pennsylvania, is a curious stone church erected by Welsh colonists from Radnorshire, Wales, in 1715, and named St. Davids, after their patron saint. It is considered probable that a church occupied this site early in the seventeenth century, as tradition is supported by the ancient register, in which are recorded births and deaths as early as 1700. No provision was made for seating the parishioners in the church, but in 1765 the building was floored, and floor space rented to members, on which pews were erected to suit each individual taste.

At the commencement of the Revolution the rector boldly announced his intention to use the prayers for the king and royal family. This resulted in his resignation, under the plea of "age and infirmities." The diamond-shaped sashes of lead were converted into bullets by the American soldiers during their occupancy of this section, and the church was a centre of active hostilities.

Major-General Gray marshalled his forces in the thick cedar grove adjoining the church before the attack on Wayne's division at Paoli. Sixteen unknown dead from the battle of the Brandywine lie buried near the gallery steps. Longfellow has immortalized the ancient fane in his poem, "Old St. Davids at Radnor," and a charming description he gives of the quiet peace within its ivy-covered walls.

Mad Anthony Wayne lies buried in the churchyard, his remains having been removed there from the fortress at Presque Isle in 1809. In its wealth of interesting history St. Davids stands foremost among the early churches of this country, and few have suffered less from the ravages of time and the despoiling hand of the iconoclast.

A quaint old church, harmonious with its surroundings, is St. Michaels in sleepy Marblehead, erected more than a century and three-quarters ago, on September 2, 1714, amid an atmosphere of Puritanism. It stands to-day on the very spot where the sturdy churchmen of Marblehead reared its frame. King's Chapel at Boston, and Queen Anne's at Newbury, were the only Episcopal churches in existence at the time.

Of the thirty-three contributors to St. Michaels, twenty-nine were sea-captains trading at the port. All the materials were from England, including a handsome reredos. This was placed over the altar, and surmounted by the royal coat of arms. The pulpit, of the wineglass pattern, was placed in the centre of the northern side, with a reading desk in front, and an enormous sounding-board overhead.

A brass chandelier, presented by John Elbridge, collector of the port of Bristol, England, in 1732, still hangs in its place. In 1745 a silver communion service was donated by David Le Gallais. The flagon, bearing a Latin inscription and weighing four pounds, is still in use.

During the exciting scenes following the Declaration of Independence a mob entered the church, tore down the royal coat of arms, and rang the bell for liberty until it cracked. Services were suspended, and the rector with several royal subjects fled to Nova Scotia.

During the great fire at Marblehead in 1877 the church narrowly escaped destruction, but was saved by energetic efforts. The church contains many handsome memorial windows; one, presented by the Senate of Massachusetts, represents Moses on Mount Sinai. Another, which portrays Dorcas distributing garments to the poor, was the gift of Mrs. Thomas Appleton. The Haskell memorial window represents the Ascension. The original organ once stood in St. Paul's Church, New York, and was the instrument played at Washington's inaugural. The parish has recently added a commodious chapel and parish-house, costing $13,000, and its latter days have been marked by prosperity and vigor, in striking contrast to the struggles of two centuries ago.

Another interesting structure in Marblehead is the old North Church, on Washington Street, erected over a century ago.

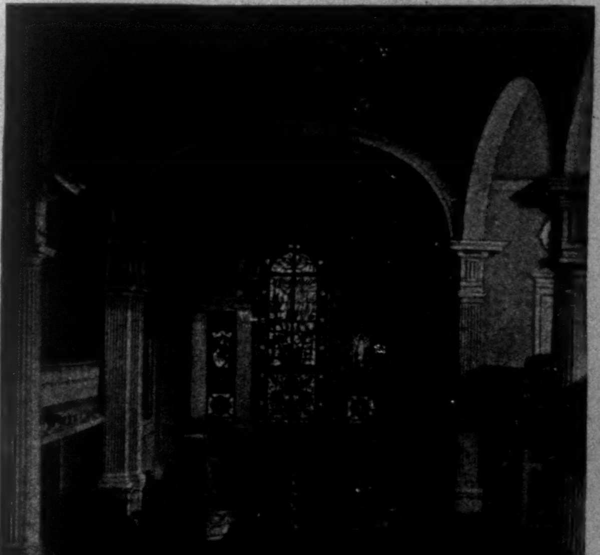
The ancient town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which possesses much of interest to the antiquary, boasts of a stately structure erected nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. Christ Church faces the common and Harvard College, surrounded by noble elms. Peter Harrison, the designer of King's Chapel, was its architect, and the general style of the latter was followed.

The roof is supported by Corinthian columns, while the straight-back pews have been retained. Rugged simplicity marks both the interior and exterior of the edifice, which has escaped modernism. The Rev. East Apthorp, of Welsh descent, was the first rector of the church. His tastes were, however, far too luxurious to suit his plain brethren, and his residence, still standing, was pointed out as "the palace of one of the humble successors of the apostles."

During the Revolution a company from Wethersfield, Connecticut, occupied the church. The funeral of a British prisoner, Richard Brown, was conducted there later according to the rites of the English Church. This fact so fired the anger of the Americans that the communion table, pulpit, and reading-desk were destroyed, the pews defaced, and the organ greatly mutilated. After Washington assumed command at Cambridge the troops were withdrawn and the church partially repaired. Morning prayer was read by Colonel Palfrey, of Washington's staff, on December 31, 1775, General and Lady Washington, Mrs. Custis, and Mrs. Gates being among the worshippers.

The church has always welcomed the students of Harvard University, and the services of the rector are freely placed at their disposal, in recognition of which the alumni presented a chime of thirteen bells in 1861.

Among the many distinguished rectors of Christ Church have been Drs. Coit, Leeds, Langdon, and Hoppin, and three—Southgage, Vail, and Williams—were elevated to the episcopate. The old church has received many



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

THE RUINS AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

CENTER CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

INTERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.

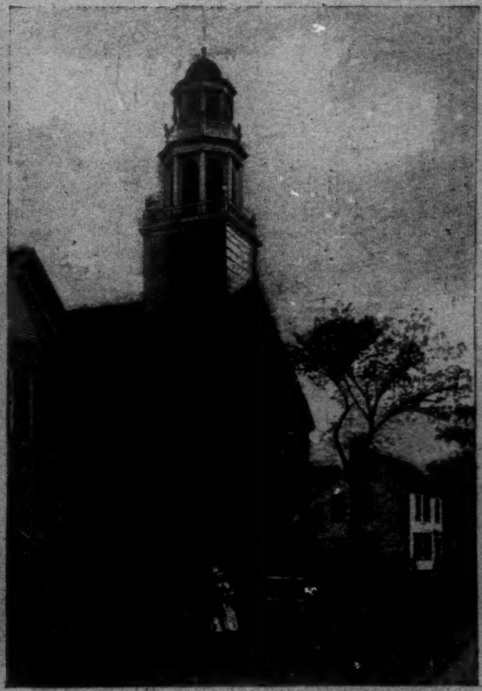
INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

INTERIOR OF ST. LUKE'S, SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA, BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.

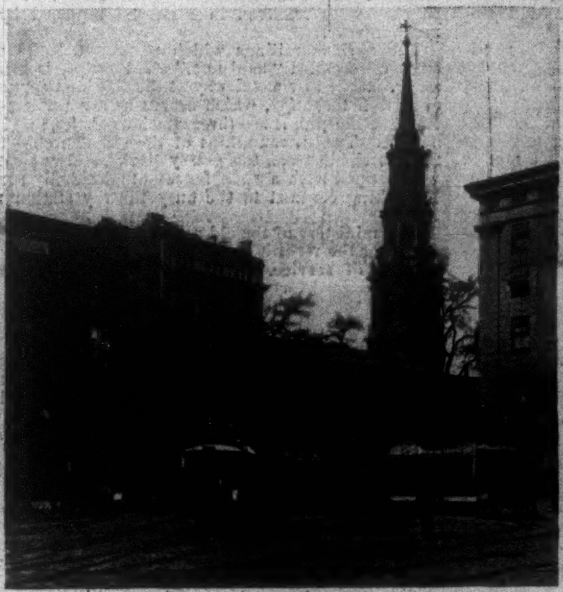
SOME HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

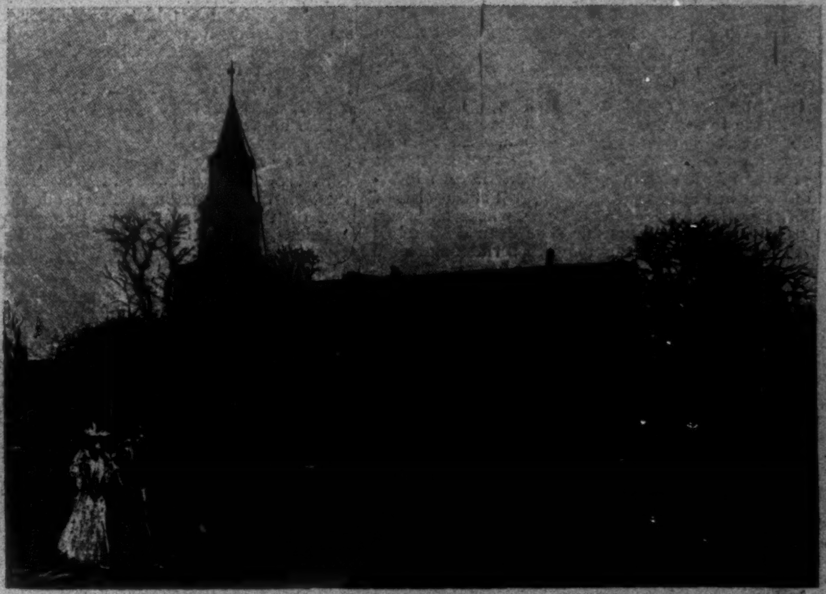
INTERIOR OF BRUTON PARISH CHURCH,
Showing Font at which Pocahontas was baptized.



NORTH CHURCH, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.

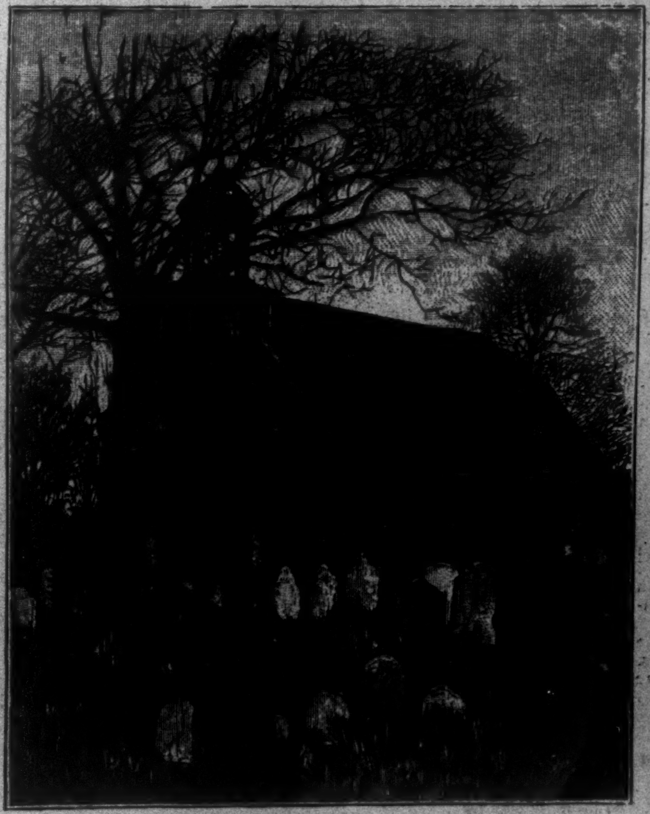


ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.



OLD BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

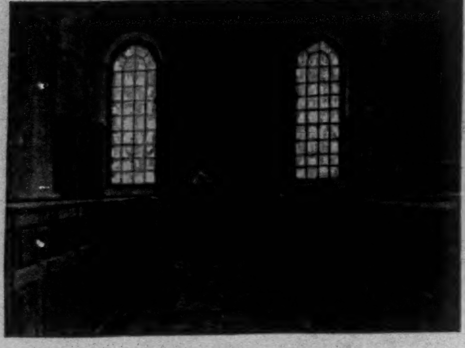
TRINITY CHURCH, NEWPORT,
RHODE ISLAND.



OLD SWEDES CHURCH, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
Consecrated Trinity Sunday, 1699.

CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON,
Where hung the Signals for Paul Revere.

SOME HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA.



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, LANCASTER, VIRGINIA.

unique gifts, chief among them being the silver flagon on which is engraved,

The gift of
K. William and Q. Mary
to ye Rev'd Saml. Myles
for ye use of
Theire Majesties' Chappell in N. England
MDCXCIV

In the ancient churchyard lies Harvard's first president, Dunster, with Leverett, Chauncey, Wadsworth, and Willard; Thomas Shepard, the successor of Hooker; Elijah Corlet, "master of the grammar schoole"; and Andrew Belcher, a famous innkeeper. A slab supported by five columns marks the grave of the Vassalls. Here repose Governor Belcher, Judge Remington, Washington Allston, Judge Trowbridge, and Dr. Jennison. Numerous cavities in the ancient tombstones show where the leaden devices were removed to be converted into bullets for the Continental army.

The history of old Trinity Church, Newport, is replete with interesting events. Its founder was Sir Francis Nicholson, Lieutenant-Governor of New York under Sir Edmond Andros. The church dates back to 1702, at which time the wardens applied for a rector to the Bishop of London, who sent over the Rev. James Honyman. The bell in the tower was a gift from Queen Anne in 1709. The architect was Peter Harrison, who labored earnestly to improve the architecture of his time. It was considered the finest structure of the period. An interesting incident in the history of the parish is the visit of Dean Berkeley, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, whose ship was driven into Newport by a storm. The dean despatched a letter to the rector, who paused in his sermon and read the epistle to the congregation. The service was abruptly ended, and the whole congregation marched to the pier to welcome the distinguished guest. Upon his return to England, the church received from him a fine organ, the massive case being capped with a crown and two mitres.

The parish suffered greatly during the occupancy of Newport by the British. The royalists of the congregation—of whom there were many—fled after the departure of the troops; the church was entered and greatly damaged. The king's arms—the lion and the unicorn—were torn down and carried to one of the batteries, where they served as a target for gun practice. The crowns on the spire and organ were overlooked, and thus escaped destruction. The square high-backed pews and huge sounding-board remain as in its early days.

The names of Malbone, Honyman, Hunter, Kay, and Dehon, all conspicuous in Newport history, are found in the ancient records. M. de Ternay, admiral of the French fleet, lies buried in the churchyard, and a mural tablet is placed in the vestibule.

Center Church in New Haven is a monument to Congregationalism in Connecticut. The present structure is not as ancient as many in New England, but it deserves mention, as the church was organized in 1639, and its pastors, among them John Davenport and Dr. Leonard Bacon, have been foremost in their denomination. The ground is historic, for long before any church was erected Davenport and Eaton held services on the very spot, sheltered only by the elm-trees which have since so beautified the town.

A handsome monument at the rear of the church marks the grave of John Dixwell, one of the regicides, and tradition says that two others, Goffe and Whalley, were secretly buried near the church. Center Church is regarded with affection by the alumni of Yale University, as the graduating exercises have been held within its walls for perhaps a century.

The church is an ornamental structure, with stately pillars and a tall sectional steeple, and stands in a commanding location in the centre of the spacious green.

The oldest church edifice in northern New York is St. Georges Church, Schenectady, erected in 1759. Numerous alterations have somewhat modified its ancient exterior, but its antiquity is apparent. The moss-grown stone walls and massive tower, tapering in sections to the spire, denote a period of church architecture long since superseded. When the church was built the smoke of the French war had scarcely cleared away, and Indian wigwams were planted all along the valley of the Mohawk.

Sir William Johnson, a major-general in the British army, was a stanch friend and patron of the parish, and he, together with John W. Brown, for sixty-six years an energetic worker, labored earnestly to organize and maintain the struggling parish.

During the Revolution the edifice shared the fate of the churches located amid the scenes of active hostilities. The rector, Rev. John Doty, was imprisoned, services were suspended, and desolation reigned within the sacred walls.

St. Georges was the first cure of Rev. John Williams, now presiding bishop of the American Church.

First among the churches of the country closely identified with the struggle for independence comes Christ Church, Philadelphia. Designed by the architect of Independence Hall, it presents many points of similarity to that historic structure. William of Orange was an active promoter of the parish. Benjamin Franklin was one of the vestry, and here worshipped General and Lady Washington, Samuel and John Adams, Hancock, Robert Morris, and Richard Henry Lee. The bricks were brought from England, as well as the chime of eight bells, the latter by the good ship *Myrtilla*, Captain Buddon, who declined any compensation for the service. In appreciation of this act the chimes were rung on each return of the *Myrtilla* to Philadelphia.

The chimes were paid for by the proceeds of a lottery conducted by Benjamin Franklin. On July 4, 1776, the chimes proclaimed the tidings of independence, and one hundred years later they joined in the celebration of its centennial. With the Declaration of Independence the bust of King George was removed from the chancel, and a few months later the crown on the spire was demolished by lightning.

On July 20, 1775, Congress attended service at Christ Church, among the distinguished statesmen present being John Adams, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, George Clinton, and Philip Schuyler.

The first convention of the diocese of Pennsylvania was here held, followed by the succeeding twenty-eight, with one exception. Under this roof the Episcopal Church in America was organized, the original constitution being framed at the first general convention, held there in 1785. At the third convention, in 1789, the holy communion was celebrated by Provost Smith according to the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. Treasured among the archives of the parish is the original copy, with the alterations then made.

Washington attended service here from 1790 to 1797, and his pew—later used by President Adams—is now in the National Museum at Washington. Another pew still preserved, was occupied by Mrs. Ross, who made the first American flag.

The centennial session of the general convention, at which over fifty bishops were present, was held at Christ Church in 1883, and four years later the centennial commemoration of the conferring of the English Episcopal Succession was observed here simultaneously with the exercises at Lambeth Palace.

The old church is rich in treasures of ancient volumes, furniture, pictures, tablets, and silver vessels, each possessing historic interest.

Another historic fane whose history is filled with patriotism is St. Peters, Philadelphia, built on land given by the sons of William Penn. It is singular to find two sons of such an active Quaker devoted Churchmen.

The church was begun in 1758, and finished in 1761. The procession on the occasion of the opening service is thus described by Louise Stockton: "The people met at Christ Church, and went in procession down to St. Peters, clerk and sexton at the head, then the questmen, and then the vestry, two by two, the governor and the wardens, the officiating clergymen, the governor's council and attendants, and, finally, the attending clergymen."

On July 4, 1776, the name of the king was stricken from the liturgy, and his portrait removed from the wall.

The rector, Mr. Duché, although the chaplain to Congress and ranked as a patriot, advised Washington to give up the struggle, and soon afterwards returned to England.

Few changes have been made in the original structure; the square pews with high straight backs, the paved aisles, the ancient reading-desk, with high pulpit and enormous sounding-board overhead, all remain as in the days of queues and ruffles. The church has enjoyed a prosperous existence, which is assured by a liberal endowment through the efforts of Hon. Horace Binney.

An interesting old church is St. Peters, at White House, Virginia, built in 1703, its cost being 146,000 weight of tobacco. It is in the form of a parallelogram, with a square tower capped with a steeple, the weather-vane being the keys of St. Peter. It strongly suggests many English parish churches. Here Washington was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, since which event the old church has been famous throughout Virginia.

St. Paul's Church at Norfolk, Virginia, has much to attract the attention of the antiquary. Raised bricks in its walls testify that the edifice was erected in 1739, soon after the establishment, by act of Assembly, of the town. Cruciform in shape, with arched doors and artistic windows, the church will bear comparison with many more modern structures throughout Virginia. Here the wealthy planter would alight from his coach driven by a black coachman, and, resplendent in gold-laced waistcoat, silk stockings, ruffles, and buckled shoes, enter the church to attend service.

St. Paul's suffered severely during the Revolution. The rector, Rev. Thomas Davis, headed the determined opposition to the Stamp Act, and was chairman of the well-attended town meeting which in 1766 denounced that infamous measure. Ten years later Norfolk was bombarded by the British forces under Lord Dunmore, and was entirely destroyed. The walls alone of St. Paul's remained. In the south wall a cannon-ball is still visible, a silent reminder of the terrific cannonade on New-Year's day, 1776. The firing on Sumter was the beginning of troublous times for the old church. The close of the rebellion found the church devastated, the congregation scattered, and the treasury empty.

The churchyard, with the many ivy-covered monuments and quaint tombstones, its noble elms, magnolias, hawthorns, and willows, is one of the fairest in the State. In it rest Virginia mountaineers, planters, men of the brave Huguenot element, those of Scotch-Irish stock, by whom the Virginia Valley was settled, and the *corps d'élite* of the army of Virginia. At least ten churches look upon old St. Paul's as their mother-church, which, after its baptism of war, fire, and pestilence, bids fair to survive for many generations to come.

The quaint old town of Hingham, Massachusetts, was settled in 1633, and two hundred and fourteen years ago the frame of an ancient meeting-house was raised by the good people of the town, and the church stands to-day in its well-preserved condition, a monument to their skill. At the time the building was erected the civil authorities were vested with many duties of an ecclesiastical character, among them the levying of a tax for the building of churches and the support of their ministers; for we find that in May, 1680, the selectmen were instructed "to carry on the business to affect about building a new meeting-house," and among the musty archives of the State this document is filed:

At a Town meeting holden at Hingham on the 24th day of May, 1681, Thomas Andrews was chosen moderator of that meeting, and at the said meeting the vote passed by papers, with seventy-three hands for the new meeting-house that is now building in Hingham, to be set in the most convenient place in Captain Hobart's land, next or nearest to Samuel Thaxter's house.

As Attest DANIEL CUSHING, Town Clerk.

The land was purchased of one Captain Hobart, and six months after the frame was raised the structure was completed, and opened for worship in January, 1682.

In architecture agreeable to the tastes of the period, which looked with disfavor upon anything ornate, it is severely plain, rectangular in shape, two stories in height, with a sloping roof surmounted by a belfry, the latter capped with a weather-vane, the whole suggesting a school-house rather than a church. It has none of the beauties of the structures designed by the famous Wren, a number of which are still found in New England. A two-storied porch projects from the middle of the south side, and the only change of importance made in the exterior during two centuries has been the addition of a small porch at the west end.

The interior remains much the same as when good old Peter Hobart preached against "hooped petticoats," and the congregation gathered after service to discuss the last Indian depredation or the Stamp Act.

In the early days of the parish the congregation worshipped under bare rafters, and sat on the plainest of wooden benches, hewn out by hand, while old-fashioned foot-stoves furnished the warmth—the luxury of a stove not being indulged in until 1822.

Prominent at the front of the church was a pew for the elders and one for the deacons, while an adjoining one was reserved for the widow of the first rector. The oaken benches were removed in 1817, and replaced by more modern pews.

The curious railings which surmounted the ancient seats were called "banisters." The pulpit is a massive affair, reached by a stairway at the side, and capped by a curious flat canopy, which serves as a sounding-board. Beneath the pulpit are three spacious chairs, and in front a table. The surroundings of the old church—the numerous shade trees, the grassy banks, and ancient stone wall topped with a rude fence—are decidedly rural, and in striking contrast to the busy railway station near at hand.

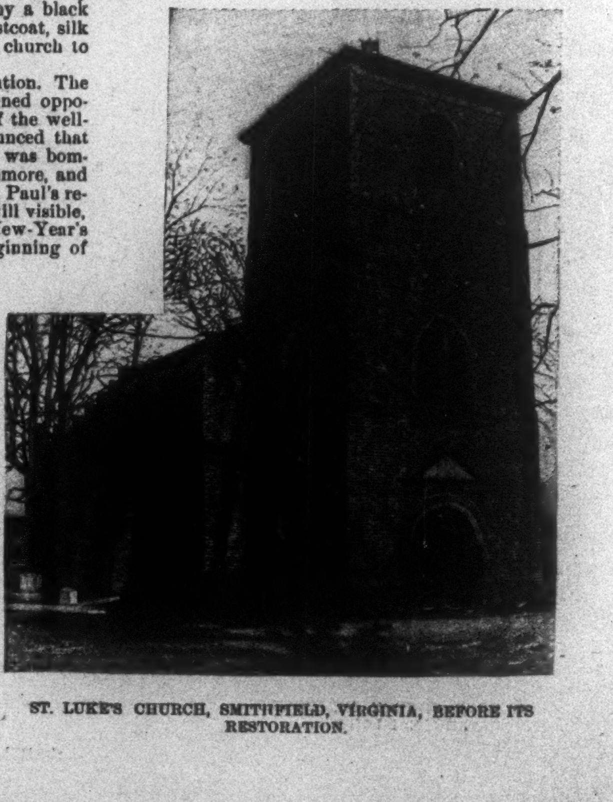
The ministers of the old parish must have served faithfully, for the records present a succession of remarkable periods of service. The first pastor, Rev. Peter Hobart, remained forty-four years; his successor, Rev. John Norton, thirty-eight years; while the third, following the good example of his predecessors, was rector for sixty-nine years—records hardly possible in these later days.

Nine pastors in two hundred and fourteen years is a most remarkable record, probably unequalled by any church in this country. The old church has served for other purposes than the worship of God. The town meetings were held there for nearly one hundred years, while it was freely used for gatherings to promote the interest and welfare of old Hingham.

The rectors have been active in temporal affairs—men of sturdy ruggedness of character, whose sermons touched on subjects religious, political, or practical, as occasion demanded, and whose lives were stamped with the courage of their convictions.

The descendants of the plain worshippers under the barren rafters of the old meeting-house have scattered over the country, with the truths hurled from the Hingham pulpit ringing in their ears and leaving their imprint upon their actions.

The congregation of to-day numbers many families who point with pride to the honorable record of their ancestry who worshipped in the old fane two centuries ago. In



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA, BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.

these days of attractive churches and elaborate musical services it is difficult to picture the stream of devout worshippers flocking to the three services of this cheerless meeting-house, minus stoves and organ.

In 1763 a meeting was called to consider the advisability of assigning certain seats for "persons skilled in musick," and in 1802 a bass-viol was purchased, and one Barnabus Lincoln performed thereon. Later a violin, bassoon, clarinet, and flute were added. These paved the way for an organ, which was purchased in 1866, nearly 200 years after the erection of the church. No edifice now standing in this country possesses a greater wealth of interesting historical incidents, and Bishop Meade, after exhaustive research, concedes "that no house for public worship exists within the original limits of the United States which continues to be used for the purpose for which it was erected, and remaining on the same site where it was built, which is as old as the meeting-house of the First Parish in Hingham."

In the early days of the colonies Boston was a centre of patriotism. To this fact may be attributed the preservation of the many historic churches within its limits.

The famous Old South, however, narrowly escaped destruction a few years ago, and was saved only by the united efforts of a band of patriot women. Within its venerable walls were enacted some of the most stirring scenes in our country's history. Here the eloquence of Adams, Quincy, and Warren sowed the seed of revolution.

The Old South was the scene of the animated town meetings—British abominations; but the most stirring event in its history was Warren's last oration, on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. British officers had announced publicly that mention of the massacre would cost the speaker's life, and the day was looked forward to with apprehension.

The pulpit, occupied by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and other patriots, was draped in black. Forty British officers in full uniform were scattered among the throng. Fearing trouble if entrance was attempted through the crowded aisles, Warren procured a ladder and entered by a window behind the pulpit. At the close of his impassioned address the applause of the patriots was mingled with groans from the redcoats.

At the commencement of hostilities the famous church came within the grasp of the British. Pews and pulpit were removed and the edifice was converted into a riding-school. Deacon Hubbard's pew was used by a British officer for a pigsty. The desecration was of short duration; for, when the anniversary of the Boston Massacre again approached, the heavy cannonade from Dorchester Heights compelled the evacuation of the British.

When Washington entered the historic edifice and gazed on the ruined interior, he reverently remarked that it was "strange that the British, who so venerated their own churches, should thus desecrate ours." The church contains a historical collection which well repays a visit.

Kings Chapel, the corner-stone of which was laid by Governor Flurley in 1749, stands like a sentinel on one of the busiest of Boston's thoroughfares.

The church contained a pew for the Governor and the officers of the British army, and the escutcheons of the king and royal governors depended from the walls.

A valuable communion service was presented by the king, and damask cushions, linen for the altar, and surplices were the gift of Queen Mary. The organ, purchased in England in 1756, was selected by Handel.

Beneath the church are spacious vaults for the reception of the dead. Those sturdy Puritans Davenport, Oxenbridge, and John Cotton, Isaac Johnson (the second white inhabitant of Boston), and Governor Shirley are buried here. The remains of General Warren were given a soldier's burial, and deposited beneath the chapel. The luxurious interior of the church was in strong contrast to the barren interiors of the many New England churches, and the stiff-backed pews contained a congregation of haughty royalists in scarlet uniforms, white wigs, and velvet knee-breeches, conspicuous among the throng being Bellamont, Dudley, and Andros.

Of the service at Kings Chapel a recent writer says. "Chariots with liveried black footmen brought thither titled gentlemen and fine ladies, and the square pews were gay with modes of dress which must have brightened the sober New England life—as the ruffled sleeves, and powdered wigs, and swords; the judges, whose robes were thought to give dignity and reverence to their high office as they sat upon the bench; the scarlet uniforms of British officers in army and navy—all mingling with the beauty and fashion which still look down from old family portraits, the special flavor of an age different from our own."

Hated by the colonists, the church for its royal pomp and splendor was considered a blot on the Puritan soil of Massachusetts.

On Salem Street is Christ Church, erected in 1723, being the oldest church in Boston standing on its original site. It was built six years before the Old South, and was considered one of the handsomest structures in the North End.

The steeple of the church is probably the most famous in the country, for on the night of April 18, 1775, the two lanterns which Paul Revere awaited on the eve of his famous ride to Lexington were displayed from the upper windows, as recorded on a tablet placed on the front wall of the church in 1878, bearing this inscription:

The Signal Lanterns of
Paul Revere
displayed in the steeple of this church
April 18, 1775,
warned the country of the march
of the British troops to
Lexington and Concord.

The chime of eight bells was the first sent to America from the celebrated foundry of Abel Rudhall, Gloucester, England, and was the first chime heard in Boston.

The walls of Christ Church are laid in the English bond style, two and one-half feet thick. The old straight-backed pews are retained, and while the interior has been decorated and adorned, the features which make it a notable example of ecclesiastical architecture remain.

The chandeliers were taken from a French vessel during the war between England and France by one of Captain Gruchy's privateers, and presented to the church. The images of saints upon the organ front were from the same source, being confiscated by the privateer *Queen of Hungary* in 1746.

King George II. presented the ancient Bible (Vinegar edition, and highly prized) and portions of the silver communion service, the latter bearing his monogram.

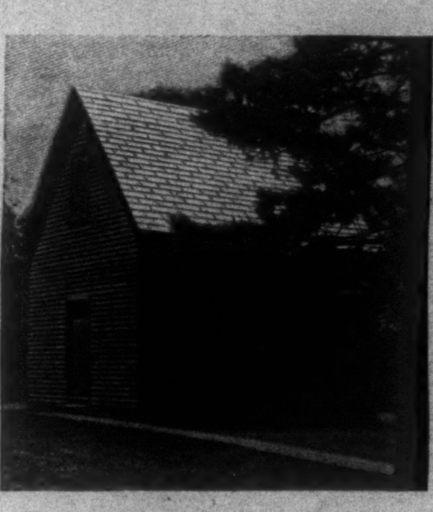
The crypt beneath the church has an individual history. Here were discovered the remains of many British officers killed at Bunker Hill, their scarlet uniforms alone remaining. Here Major Pitcairn, the leader of the British forces at Lexington, was buried. A Boston gentleman has in his possession the major's prayer-book, on the fly-leaf of which the following is inscribed: "Major Pitcairn's compliments to the gentleman overhead, and begs he will not snore so loud, as it disturbs his slumbers."

Christ Church divides with the Old South its wealth of historic memories and associations. Patriotic impulses which have fostered and preserved the many Colonial churches in Boston have not saved some of the most ancient and interesting structures in New York. The little Dutch edifice in Liberty Street which had served for church, hospital, and prison-house during the British invasion, and in later years as an annex of the post-office, was torn down to make room for a modern sky-scraper, the bell alone being preserved. This now hangs in the tower of the Collegiate Dutch Church at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. During the Revolution the bell was hidden from the British soldiers who occupied the edifice, but was replaced in the steeple, and remained there until 1844.

The quaint North Dutch Church on Fulton Street, erected in 1769, shared the same fate. St. Paul's, on lower Broadway, remains, having enjoyed the protecting care of old Trinity and its millions. The rapid rise in property values has been fatal to the preservation of these ancient landmarks.

Trinity Church is the third edifice to occupy that historic ground. The first, erected in 1696, was destroyed in the great fire of September 21, 1776. The second, erected in 1788, was demolished in 1839, and the present structure was completed in 1846.

The first edifice was enlarged in 1737, and was one of the handsomest churches in the country at that time. The chancel was adorned with an altar-piece, gilt busts of winged angels surmounted the pillars, and from the ceilings were suspended artistic branches of glass. The communion table and pulpit were rich and costly. The escutcheon of Governor Fletcher hung upon the walls.



ROGER WILLIAMS'S CHURCH, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—ERECTED IN 1634.

William and Mary, Queen Anne and King George, had each bestowed gifts of communion plate with the royal arms inscribed.

Gentlemen in long-waisted coats with silver buttons down the front, velvet waistcoat trimmed with lace, silken knee-breeches, and silver shoebuckles, with ladies in jackets of velvet over colored skirts, mutton-leg sleeves with white cuffs, and carrying costly prayer-books suspended by a girdle chain, occupied the pews, while the governor and his council, in state attire, were ushered into the royal pew. Wealth and luxury abounded.

The churchyard of Trinity is an interesting spot. Here is the resting-place of many prominent in both church and state. Huguenots or Walloons, who fled from France on St. Bartholomew's day, were buried here. Under the Martyrs monument lie the bones of those who died in the old prison-ship, the sugar-houses, and Provost Prison. Here, beneath a large brown tombstone, lies the unfortunate Charlotte Temple. A handsome mausoleum is in memory of Captain James Lawrence and Lieutenant A. C. Ludlow, who perished in the naval battle between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. The cannon which surround the monument were captured from the British in the war of 1812.

Here are also the graves of Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton, the latter marked by a monument erected by the Trinity corporation.

St. Paul's was erected in 1767. It was a costly structure, finished in an elaborate manner. Two large square pews on either side were designed for state dignitaries. Washington frequently attended service here, and occupied one of them.

The interior is but little changed, and remains the finest example of Colonial church architecture in New York.

THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION."

Famous ships and variant types have carried the American ensign into every sea, and their names are familiar in our mouths as household words. Ballads and broadsides have told their story, and the nation in seasons of disaster ashore has found consolation and hope from their achievements. They make a golden muster-roll of noble ships, each standing for some fine action; but of all, none holds so surely, so loyally, the affections of our people as the *Constitution* of immortal memory. Her triumphs are witnesses to our possibilities at sea, and for seventy years the recollections of her deeds have been the priceless traditions and heritages of American seamen the world over.

She was ever considered a lucky ship—for where is the blue-water sailor who doubts that ships may be launched under a benignant or an evil star? During the war of 1812 she went into action four times in less than three years, and captured five ships—the *Guerrière*, *Java*, *Picton*, *Cyane*, and *Levant*—of which three were frigates and one was frigate-built; after one of the most memorable sea-chases in naval annals she escaped unharmed from an energetic squadron of five ships, running the gamut of rates from 64's to 32's; before Tripoli her good fortune was remarkable; and in all her service she was never dismasted, never went ashore, and, indeed, rarely encountered any of the usual accidents of the sea. Though often in battle, no serious slaughter ever made shambles of her decks, and, as Cooper points out, in all her fighting—and hard and fast and furious this was at seasons—she had only one captain wounded and but four lieutenants killed.

Lucky indeed she was, though, in deference to the modern scientific scepticism, it must be added she was always well officered and manned; her captains and lieutenants were famous in their day, and in two memorable actions she had a crew of New-Englanders, coast-born and sea-bred, who could, it was said, almost have fought Old Ironsides without the officers.

The *Constitution* and her seamates came into the service when the people demanded frigates as remedies of desperation. During the twelve years succeeding the Revolutionary war no regular ships were commissioned, and this inactivity, due to exhaustion, poverty, and ignorance, ended only when the country wearied of the depredations imposed upon our trade and citizens by those discriminating cutthroats of the Barbary coast, who saw fair game in the struggling republic. Tired of the capture and imprisonment of Americans, Congress in 1794 authorized the construction or purchase of ships. President Washington wisely determined to build, and finally accepting the designs of Joshua Humphries, of Philadelphia, ordered the frigates *Constitution*, *President*, and *United States*, 44's, and the *Chesapeake*, *Constellation*, and *Congress*, 38's.

The *Constitution's* keel was laid in Boston, and here she was launched on the 21st of October, 1797—a red-letter day in the history of the nation, whose hopes she carried into many a stormy sea and many a brilliant action. The most advanced ideas of the time were embodied in her construction, and she was beautifully modelled, enormously sparred and rigged, and splendidly armed. At the beginning of the war of 1812 English writers, who delighted in vaunting the ease with which she would be taken, described her as "a bundle of pine boards flying a rag of striped bunting." When, a little later, she made sea history, they sang another tune pitifully, swearing the while that she was the stanchest frame afloat—not a frigate, but a line-of-battle ship, a seventy-four or better. Indeed, they abused us shamefully, and, with fingers in their eyes, whimpered because we were not hitting people of our own size, because we were playing a scurvy Yankee trick on honest British hearts of oak, the masters of the sea.

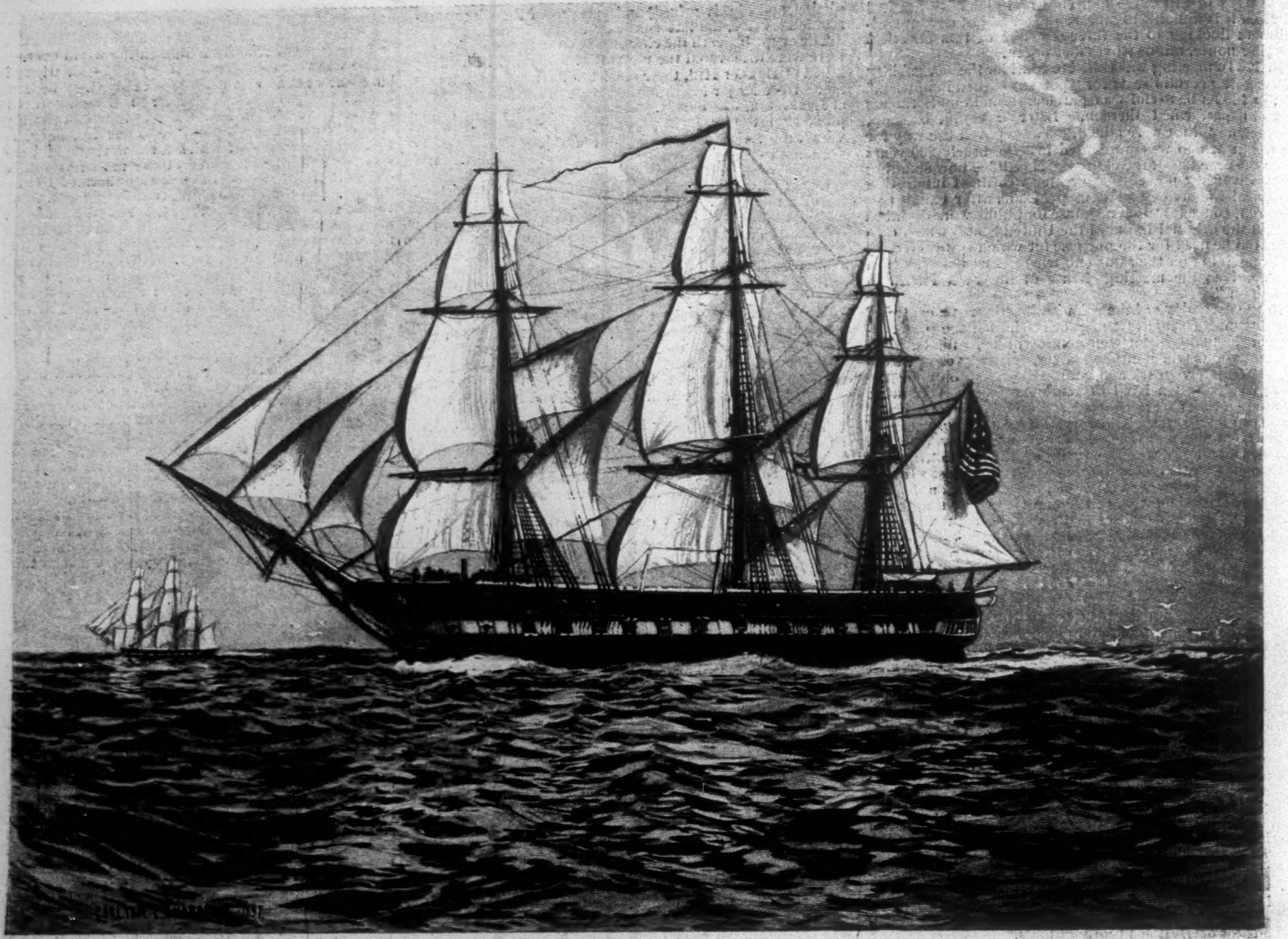
After service in the Mediterranean and "down along the coast of the High Barbaree," she was employed at home or laid up. Luckily the outbreak of the naval war found her in commission, though not immediately available. Our force afloat was small in those trying days, indeed pathetic by contrast to that of the enemy; for opposed to the twelve American sail in commission England had afloat—and very busy, it is true—1060 vessels, among them 244 ships of the line and 237 frigates, the rest being armed cruisers.

Active hostilities began with the departure of a squadron under Commodore John Rodgers. After reporting, on her return from Europe, the *Constitution* refitted, dropped down the Annapolis Roads, and went to sea early in July. On the 12th Captain Hull, then somewhere off the Long Island coast, picked up strange sails, which finally grew into a heavy squadron of five ships; and as a clean pair of heels was preferable to their discreet and sober company, he stood off-shore in what became one of the greatest chases of sea history. Soon after the beginning of this episode the wind, which had fallen light and uncertain, died away, and Hull was forced to hoist out his boats and to send them ahead with the ship in tow. But the enemy was not slow in following, and by double banking the leading vessels, launches, and cutters, was forging ahead so much the faster that the beset American slowly slipped into gun range.

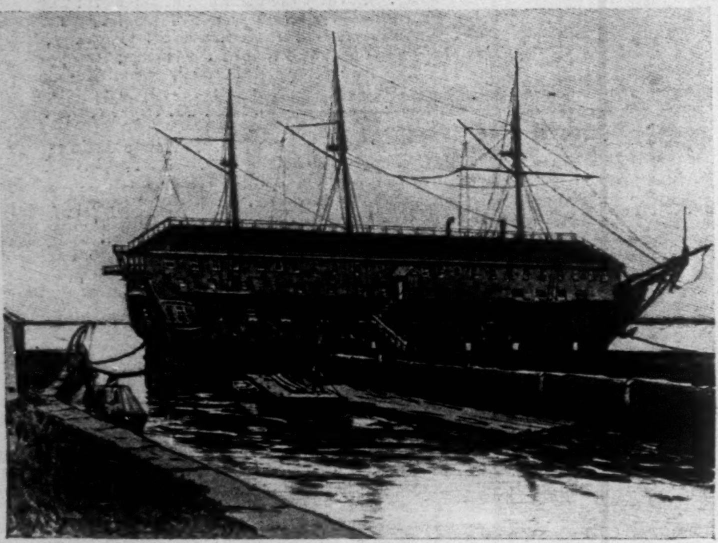
Finding himself at night near the twenty-fathom curve of soundings, Hull payed his spare lines into a stout cutter, and sent her ahead with a long drift of rope bent to a heavy kedge-anchor. This was dropped seaward as far as the weight of the warp permitted; and then, to the stirring music of fife and drum, all hands clapped on cheerily, and stamping and going merrily, walked away with the ship hand over fist. When the light hawser was up and down, or better than short-stay, the kedge was tripped, the other line previously run out was manned, and away over the unruffled water stole the gallant frigate. It must have been a weird night's work to the becalmed enemy, for the *Constitution* glided ahead so uncannily that she was well out of range before the pursuit discovered the manner of its undoing. It was a deft two-handed sailor's trick, and at the end, when the brisk breeze made and the *Constitution* hoisted in her boats, the manœuvre was as blithely and neatly performed as one would care to see on a long summer's day. Not a man was hurt in the chase, not a boat was lost or stove, and there are fewer creditable records than that made in that royal hunting of sixty-odd hours.

On the evening of the last day a heavy squall darkened the sky, and as there was no questioning its weight, the *Constitution* prepared to meet it with coolness and discretion. All the gear, well manned and cleared for running, was kept fast to the last moment, and then, as the arch belched its blast, the orders to clew up and clew down were given. In a moment the ship was under short sail, and after the strength of the squall had been taken she sheeted home again, hoisted the fore and main top-gallant sails, and ran free under an easy bowline down the favoring wind. When the enemy, bellwetherless, had gathered in a flock, the *Constitution* was hull down, with a bone in her teeth and a smother of foam under her counter, miles away.

On the 19th of August Captain Hull captured the frigate *Guerrière* (*Gurreer*, as sailors have it), Captain Dacres.



UNITED STATES FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION"—LAUNCHED OCTOBER 21, 1797—AS SHE WAS IN HER DAYS OF GLORY.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" AS SHE IS TO-DAY—100 YEARS OLD.

The action was begun at 5 P.M. by the British ship opening fire at long range. At 7 P.M. she surrendered, after a gallant fight, during which both parties had attempted to board, but, owing to the heavy sea, without success. The *Constitution* suffered a great deal in her sails and rigging, very little in her hull, while the *Guerrière* was so dismasted that the ensign, finally struck, fluttered from the stump of the mizzenmast. "When proud Dacres came on board for to deliver up his sword," Hull refused to receive it from one who knew its employment so well; but, as the story goes, "troubled him for that hat," which weeks before, while the two ships were lying in the Delaware, they had bet on the result of a fight between them.

As there were more captains than ships—a persistent disease from which we suffer yet—Hull graciously relinquished his command to Bainbridge. On the 26th of December, after parting company with the *Hornet*, her consort, the *Constitution*, then cruising off the Brazil coast, engaged and captured the frigate *Java*, 38, Captain Lambert. The American went into action with her royal yards crossed, and came out of it with these in place and without losing a spar. The *Java*, well handled and fought, was dismasted and badly hulled, and lost her gallant commander. Captain Bainbridge—to whom all honor—was severely wounded, and Lieutenant Alwyn was killed, but otherwise our loss was slight. The wounded and prisoners and a large number of passengers bound to India were transferred to the *Constitution;* and as Brazil was an unfriendly power, the *Java* was blown up.

Captain Charles Stewart succeeded Bainbridge, but did not get to sea as speedily as his eager spirit yearned. After capturing the *Picton*, 16, and some merchant prizes in the West Indies, and after escaping from a ship of the line in the Bay of Biscay, Stewart, in February, 1815, off the Peninsular coast, picked up a speedy stranger on his port bow. A light levanter was blowing, and twenty minutes after Stewart had hauled up in chase, another vessel, still further to windward, was sighted. Both proved to be ships of war, countrymen, evidently, for they exchanged signals. Nothing daunted, the American crowded sail and stood up the wind after them, all three straining a bowline. The *Constitution* was going so much the fastest that by four bells in the first dog-watch—six o'clock—she had the enemy under her battery. Then she showed her colors, that rag of striped bunting—that tattered ensign which neither then nor afterward was hauled down. The Englishmen answered with a defiant victory-hoist, and five minutes later Stewart ranged abeam of the sternmost vessel, and shot ahead to a cable-length's distance, until the ships formed an equilateral triangle, the *Constitution* to windward—grim, silent, alert, ready.

The action began straight away, all firing hotly and unceasingly, broadside and broadside, carronades, twenty-four-pounders, and chasers, with fusillades, single shots, and volleys—all the chorus of villanous saltpetre and piercing and crushing shot. At the end of fifteen minutes the enemy slackened a bit. It was at this time moonlight—the moist, soggy shine of the seas about the Bay of Biscay. The ocean was oily smooth, with long low sweepings of Atlantic billows pulsating on the breast of the deep; and the light airs which had followed the brisk breeze of the pursuit were deadened by the cannonade into cat's-paws and flat calms. Over the water stretched a blanket of smoke, through which the moon's rays filtered so tricklingly that hulls and spars were hidden.

Stewart ceased firing to let this powder smoke drift to such leeward as still remained; but when sky and sea cleared he discovered in nick of time the sternmost Englishman luffing to rake him. Vain essay. As quickly as well-served guns could bear he poured a broadside into the foe off his lee beam, threw his after-sails flat aback, and shaking out everything forward and lifting his head-sheets, slipped astern speedily. The rearmost ship filled away, to avoid the threatened raking, while the other tried to tack across the *Constitution's* forefoot and return the drubbing just served out with such bung and spigot lavishness. But when a nation's quarrels were to be settled by sailorizing, Stewart was at his best, for never did truer seaman work ship or rule the ardent helm. He filled away, shot the *Constitution* ahead straight as shaft from archer's bow, and so quickly that his antagonist wore ship to avoid destruction and scurried dead to leeward, followed by a weight of heartsome metal that stronger craft might wisely seek to dodge. Stewart then raked and silenced the other ship, and on surrender found she was the *Cyane*. After a brief respite he ran for her consort, which had now come by the wind repairing damages, and after exchanging a broadside, and peppering her in a futile endeavor to run, the *Levant*, well fought but overmatched and mastered, yielded.

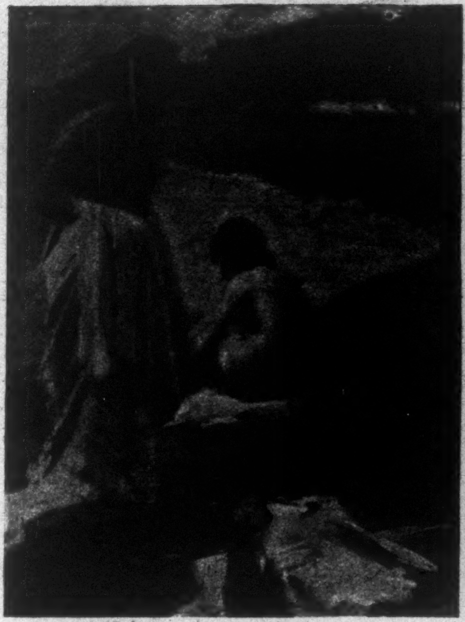
Stewart took his prizes into Porto Praya of the Cape de Verdes, but the day after his arrival three English frigates were seen through the lifting fog standing up for an anchorage. The American and the prizes cut their cables and went seaward, followed in a hot pursuit by the enemy. By good luck and skill the *Constitution* and *Cyane* escaped, but the *Levant* had to double back to the harbor. Here, despite the rights vouchsafed in a neutral port, she was retaken. Not fair play, perhaps, but, after all, just the trick that would tempt most honest sailor-men anywhere under parallel circumstances.

Curiously enough, the great victory was gained after the proclamation of peace, for Stewart received his first news of this at Porto Rico when homeward bound.

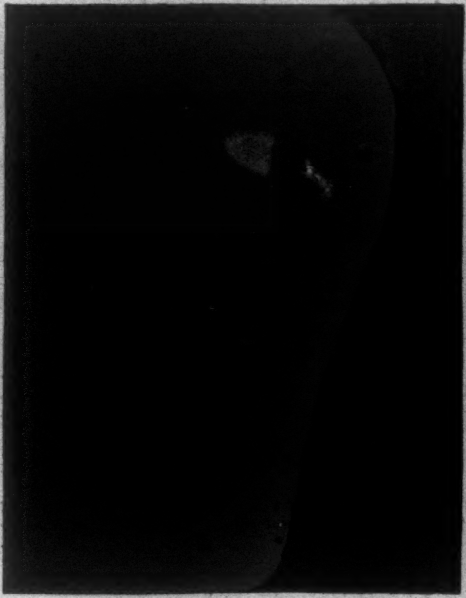
In 1834 Captain Elliot, who had been second in command at Lake Erie under Oliver Perry, excited a violent political and partisan demonstration by decorating, at the Boston Navy-Yard, the bow of the *Constitution* with a figure-head of President Jackson. One stormy night his Excellency was decapitated as neatly and deftly as if the best tools had with patient labor enlisted the brightest sunshine in the desecration. Marines and bluejackets were held under dark suspicion, and the country seethed in a ferment of keen contention. Rewards were offered, but in vain, and for years the secret was well kept. It is now said that a seaman named Dewey was the culprit, not for any political motive, but because of a cherished antipathy to the full-length image of a landlubber at the bow while three fine old sailors were compelled, with inadequate busts, to smile grimly at the stern. However, another head was secured to the trunk with copper bolts so tremendous that for many years age could not wither it nor custom stale the unshaken fortitude with which Old Hickory defied the breezes and the brine.

Not much remains to be told here. For many years succeeding, the *Constitution* was actively engaged in cruising; shortly before the civil war she was stationed at Annapolis and at Newport as one of the school-ships for midshipmen; then for a season she cruised, partly as a transport, partly as a training-ship for naval apprentices. Finally she was transferred to Portsmouth Navy-Yard, and thence she was brought to Boston, where, with many appropriate ceremonies, with many honors, her hundredth birthday has been celebrated.

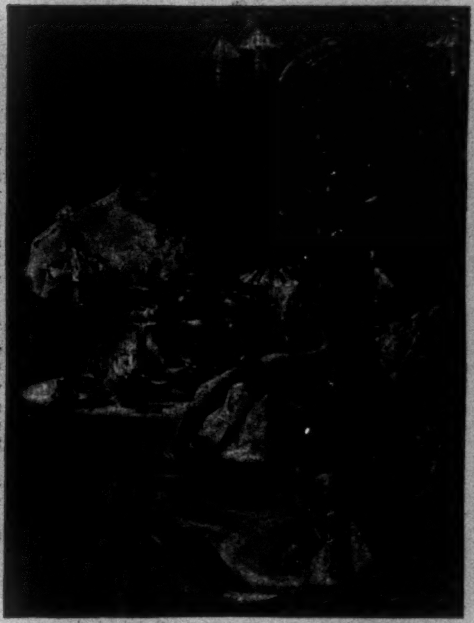
J. D. Jerrold Kelley,
Lieutenant-Commander, U.S.N.



"THE BATHERS."—By Anders L. Zorn.



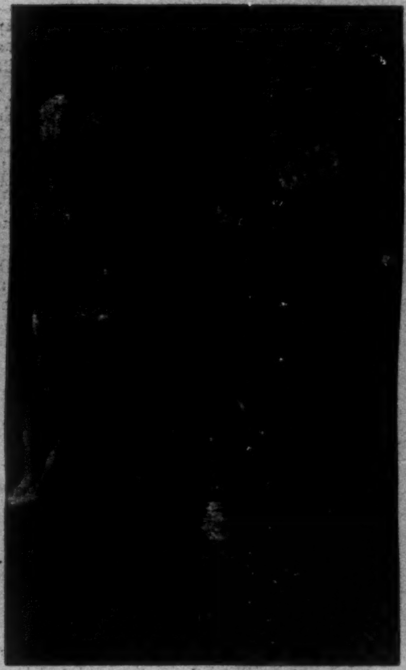
"PEONIES."—By John W. Alexander.



"RUSSIAN TEA."—By Irving R. Wiles.

"MOTHER AND CHILD."
By William M. Chase.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE LOING."—By William L. Picknell.



"IN RED AND BLACK."—By F. D. Marsh.

"THE SURPRISE," FOREST OF COMPIÈGNE, FRANCE.—By Birge Harrison.

"PEASANT WOMAN."
By Bastien-Lepage.

"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."—By Ida Waugh.

"A NEW ENGLAND WOMAN."
By Cecilia Beaux.

ART IN ST. LOUIS.

From the Collection of Paintings shown at the Fourteenth Annual Exposition.—Copyright by the St. Louis Exposition, Art Department.—[See Page 1064.]

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

V.—SKAGWAY AND THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

August 21, 1897.

WE return to Skagway after the brief glimpse of the trail. We hear it said that not five per cent. of the people will ever get over. Four horses are reported dead up the trail, and two more have their legs broken. There is nothing unusual about this. "Twenty horses went down on Porcupine Ridge." At first I thought they went over some precipice, but it means simply that they fell under their loads, to rise again torn and bleeding, to fall again and again in other places.

To-day a proposition has been made by a man by the name of Charles Leadbetter, who is just over from Dyea, to take all our stuff, not exceeding three thousand pounds when delivered to him at Dyea; to team it thence to the head of canoe navigation; there put it on his pack-train, which will carry it to the Scales, which is at the foot of the summit; there two men will be given us to pack our stuff over the summit—a distance of from three-quarters of a mile to a mile to Crater Lake; there we will have to ferry it over the lake, when it will be taken on a burro train to Long Lake, where there is another ferry, and then again on the burros to Lake Lindeman, which is the point of departure. We will be expected to help with the pack-train, and all this he will do for our eight horses. This seems to me a reasonable proposition, though we were surprised at the time—namely, four or five days—allowed for making the trip through to Lake Lindeman. Goods are moving right along on the Dyea trail, we hear. We have no doubt of easily getting through here at Skagway as well, but we are glad of any proposition which would land us quickly and without great trouble at the head of navigation of the Yukon.

Our boat lumber we would have to handle ourselves. We were advised to cut it into lengths of seven feet, suitable for horse-packing, but it has come thus far in its whole lengths, and we desire to keep it so until we have to cut it. Accordingly we contract to be put over, and deliver our horses, together with about a ton of feed, to Leadbetter, who takes them over on a scow that makes trips between Dyea and Skagway as often and at such times as the tide permits. It costs five dollars a head for transportation if taken on the scow direct from the steamer, but as our horses are ashore, the cost is five dollars per head additional. To avoid trouble and annoyance in the delivery of our stuff which is still on the scow, we notify the customs that the horses have gone to Dyea. We hear rumors that traffic is congested there, that there is more baggage than the Indians can handle, and that the prices are rapidly going up—thirty cents a pound to Lindeman, will soon be thirty-five, and some predict that it will not stop until it reaches fifty.

There is no shady side to life at Skagway; everything goes on in broad daylight or candle-light. After supper every tent is lighted up, and the streets are crowded with muddy men in from the trail. The "Pack Train" is filled with people, among whom I recognize several of my friends, who are drawn hither, like myself, by the spectacle. The tent of this, the biggest saloon in town, is thirty by fifty feet. Entering through a single door in front, on the right hand is a rough board bar some ten or twelve feet long, with some shelves against the rear wall, on which are a few glasses and bottles. The bartender, who is evidently new to his business, apologizes for the whiskey, which is very poor and two-thirds water, and sells for twenty-five cents. Cigars of a two-for-five or five-cent sort that strain one's suction powers to the limit are sold for fifteen to twenty-five cents each. They keep beer also, on tap. After the lecture we received on the steamer from the United States customs officer, we are at a loss to understand how whiskey can be sold openly under the very eyes of the officers. But that is a story by itself. Along each side of the tent are the three-card monte, the rouge et noir, and other lay-outs, but not a faro lay-out in the place, nor in the town. The gamblers are doing big business.

A big strapping fellow in a yellow Mackinaw jacket trying his luck at craps is pointed out as having just come in over the trail from Klondike. Whether he had any dust with him I cannot learn, but he was in fine health and spirits. Every man whom I have yet seen from Klondike has had a splendid complexion, and seems strong and robust. This fellow has a voice like a lion's, deep and resonant. Surely the Yukon cannot be so terrible if it does this to men, or else its tale of death is that of the weak and sickly. As they used to say of the Kanakas, they were all strong and healthy because they were thrown into the water by their mothers almost the day they were born—consequently none but the strong survived.

Across the street the sound of a piano and the moving figures of men and women through the windows remind one that there is a dance to-night, as on every night. This piano is the only one in town, and its arrival is said to have been an event. The four women in the place are not even of the painted sort; even paint might have covered up some of the marks of dissipation. Clumsy boots beat time on a dirty floor, but not with much enthusiasm. There is not even sport enough to get up a quadrille. The dance-house of a mining-town! Such a thing as shame is not even thought of.

Among the many who are gazing upon the unaccustomed scene, with the same absorbed interest as the youngest of us, are men whom I take to be "old-timers." I asked one of these what he thought of it all.

Said he: "I was in the Salmon River mining excitement in Idaho, but I have never seen anything like this. Ten thousand people went in that winter, over a single trail across the mountains; but it was nothing like this. There has never been anything on this coast like it."

Another, who is now the Mayor of a town on the Pacific coast not far from the Strait of Fuca, said, in answer to the same question, "I saw the beginning of Leadville, but it was nothing like this; there has been nothing like this."

Still another, a well-known mining engineer from California, says: "I have never seen people act as they do here. They have lost their heads and their senses. I have never seen men behave as they do here. They have no more idea of what they are going to than that horse has. There was one fellow in the tent alongside of mine. I saw him greasing his rubber boots. I said to him, 'What are you doing that for?' 'Why, isn't that all right?' he asked. Another man came along and asked a fellow where his mining-pan was. The fellow said, 'I haven't seen any mining-pan.' Just then the man saw the pan lying alongside the tent, and said, 'Here it is!' 'Is that a mining-pan? I didn't know that was a mining-pan?'"

I have talked with many others, some who had been in the Cœur d'Alene excitement on Salmon River, Idaho, and have been miners since '53 and '54. Some of them, whose fathers were of the old forty-niners, say the same thing—that the country has gone mad over this Klondike business. And all agree as to the reason—nowadays the news is carried by the telegraph and newspaper to all parts of the world, whereas formerly the excitement was all local, and had died away before the word of it reached the rest of the world.

No one pretends to follow the changes that are going on here. Those who have been here a week are "old-timers." When the next boat arrives people will ask questions of us in turn.

August 22, 1897.

The work of unloading the vessel continues. Most of the hay and the lumber is loaded upon a scow and hauled inshore, so that the vessel can clear for the south on time. Six or seven of us take hold of the scow, make a raft of the lumber, and take it ashore, where the tide leaves it aground. It is noon before one of us asks what day it is. We decide that it is Sunday. Sunday makes no difference in Skagway. The work goes on exactly the same. All the goods are now landed, and each man is taking off what belongs to him—also what doesn't belong to him, if there are any grounds for the vigorous complaints made to the checkers. One party is shy twenty pieces, while every one has lost one or more. Part of this may be exchange pure and simple; but some of it is downright theft.

It is raining again to-night. It seems always to be raining here; if not here, somewhere near at hand. None of the signs we are accustomed to in the East holds good here. The nearest approach to "sign" we can learn is from a man who lived six years back of the Chilkoot Mountains. He says in this part of Alaska, at this time of the year, it will be clear and cold for four days, and then it will rain four days. It has rained the four days all right, and we are looking for the four sunny ones. This wet weather is discouraging. The roads are cut up; every one feels miserable.

August 23.

The day breaks clear over the mountain. It is full daylight at five or six; it is nine o'clock, however, before the sun begins to shine. The sky is cloudless, and the air is warm. Every one is happy.

I engage a man, who says he hails from Texas, with a thirty-foot dory (which he says came up in pieces from San Francisco to go over the mountain, and which he purchased for a few dollars at the beach), to take all my stuff to Dyea. The wind is blowing a piping gale up Lynn Canal, tossing up the white-caps, and the breakers are rolling in on the beach. No small boats are venturing out around the point to Dyea. A few are venturing out to the ships. Our skipper is sure of his boat, so we take my own twelve hundred pounds, together with the boat lumber, a ton of hay and oats, and a thousand pounds of baggage belonging to one of my fellow-passengers on the *Islander*, who had gone in on the Skagway trail the first thing, then on the Dyea trail, and pronounced unhesitatingly in favor of the latter. He is Monsieur l'Abbé, a lumberman and merchant from Port Arthur, Lake Superior. Although mere chance made him my fellow-passenger in the dory of the man from Texas, for the part he was destined to play I am under obligations that nothing can repay.

After a dangerous passage through the heavy seas, that nearly swamped us with our top-heavy load, we rounded the point of rocks, and, with wind behind us, were driven rapidly toward the mouth of the Dyea pass. Should a boat swamp in this cold water, there is hardly a chance of survival.

It is as cold as the melting ice from scores of glaciers on the mountain-tops can make it, and one could not swim twenty yards in such a chill. It is a marvel that any of the horses that were thrown overboard from previous vessels ever reached the shore. The water barely tastes of salt.

Lynn Canal is a long deep trench between towering mountains. It is no more than a mile wide here. It splits on a ragged point of rocks, the right hand and by far shallower fork being Skagway Bay. On the left, the larger fork continues for about four miles toward a long blue gap similar to White Pass, until another low beach is reached, where from a distance more tents are to be seen. The tide rises and falls ten or twelve feet, so it can be seen what a difference it makes. Scows cannot approach more than a mile from high-water mark. Here they must be unloaded into smaller boats until the stuff can be taken on wagons. The valley is of about the same width as the Skagway. Half-way to Dyea, among the rocks where the shore is lower, a new wooden building and a tent or two, and a sign marked "Richards's Landing," mark the spot where the commissioner holds court and all legal business is transacted. It is a desolate spot, and there seems no reason on earth for selecting such a spot beyond that already given, namely, it is a compromise, Dyea really being the sub-port, but Skagway being the town. We follow the right-hand shore, where the rocks boldly rise perpendicularly from the water. Here we meet a swift current, and a little ways on are in the mouth of the Dyea River, a stream of twice the size of the Skagway.

We were late in starting, so that the tide is running out strong. A score or more of people have come in just ahead, and have pitched tent and landed their stuff on the low four or five foot bluff that marks the course of the Dyea through the alluvial plain. It is the same busy scene as at Skagway, only that the tents stretch out along the river itself for a mile or more, and not across the valley. We go a little way against the current, wading and dragging the boat after us, and land in the midst of a lot of others, where we pile our stuff in a spot apparently high and dry. The contractor who is to put me over is not just at hand, but his wagon is here, so I leave word with Monsieur l'Abbé and another party that my stuff has arrived. Then I get in the boat and go back to Skagway. After a desperate row in the huge boat we have to land short of the point. So we go ashore in a cove, and go across an old trail to Skagway. Jim was all ready with his stuff to go to Dyea; so, giving him directions, I take my 5 × 7 camera, with a roll of films, and start in to go as far as time will permit on the Skagway trail. With that perversity of Alaska weather, it begins to rain by the time the Foot of the Hill is reached. Our friend in the buckskin suit is just setting up his tepee there, and gives a pressing invitation to an impromptu lunch of coffee, beans, and bacon, to which I contribute a pound of sugar and a dozen hot biscuit, purchased from parties who were cutting down the weight of their outfit. After dinner we set in to have a look at the trail together. The nearly continuous rains of the past few days have put the trail in fearful condition. Just why the trail leaves the valley of the Skagway and mounts the hill here is best known to the engineers who cut the trail. Probably because it made a shorter trail. There are only a few horses moving in at this time of day. At the summit of the Hill, where the narrow trail follows the steep bank of a ravine, we see the first victim of the trail—a horse lying at the foot of the bank, twenty feet down, beside a small stream. It is dead now, but before it died some stakes were driven around it to keep it out of the water; but it never got up.

Just now a man coming back brings news that a horse has just tumbled off the trail and down in a hole between two or three immense bowlders, and that just its head is sticking out, and that it is alive. We keep on along comparatively level bowlder-strewn ground, and evidently pass the spot indicated, which is not surprising, as bushes and trees cover every spot and hide the treacherous holes. We are going on firm bottom, with numerous corduroys over the muck-holes, but up to our ankles in sloppy, slimy, chocolate-colored mud. It looks perhaps worse than it is. Horses and men, bags and pack-covers, are dyed with this brown stain. Again the trail mounts the slope of the mountain, by a way so rocky that it would seem as if no horse could get up it. The smooth flat sides of rocks slope inward, affording no foothold to a horse. We meet a boy on a horse's back coming down the worst of these places. We men step aside and curse under our breath the man who would ride a horse down such a place. We did not know then that he had a broken foot. A corduroy bridge, sloping at an angle of fully forty degrees, was put in soon after, the whole length of the pitch. The slippery logs gave a hold to the shoe calks that the rocks did not. Where the horses slid and scraped it looked like the work of chisels.

The mountains rise in some places perpendicularly, but all is so covered with luxurious vegetation that the heights above and the depths below do not impress one. We come to an empty pack-saddle, and know something has happened here, as down the mountain-side the bushes are bruised, as if some heavy body had rolled down. We need no one to tell us that over the cliff a horse has rolled hundreds of feet, and lies out of sight among the bushes. Again an almost unbearable stench announces an earlier victim.

The road is a series of ups and downs, always among bowlders and moss and mud and trees. Every man we meet tells of the trials of the trail. Anxious and weary are the men. I saw one man half-way up a hill asleep on his pack, with his closed eyes toward the sky and the rain pattering on his face, which was as pale as death. It gave me a start, until I noticed his deep breathing. A little way on three horses lie dead, two of them half buried in the black quagmire, and the horses step over their bodies, without a look, and painfully struggle on. Now, two miles only by survey, but three or four to every one who passes over, the trail begins its steep plunge down the side of Porcupine Ridge, switching back and forth. It seems as if nothing could prevent a loaded horse from going clean over backwards at the turns. The mountain is nearly perpendicular for several hundred feet, when one lands in the narrow gorge of the Porcupine, a branch of the Skagway. Here are more tents. It is another breathing-spot. The Porcupine is crossed by a steep corduroy bridge, and again an ascent begins. The surface of the rocks begins to appear more now, and the trail leads over these, now slippery with the trampled mud.

Gradually, stage by stage, the trail rises, following the sloping shelves of bare rock, so smooth as to afford no foothold. In one place, for two or three hundred feet, the shelf that the trail follows slopes upwards, and at the same time outwards. It is here also that horses fall; they would need something more than calked shoes to hold on by. No safe trail can be made until steps are cut bodily into these places. Where there are no rocks there are boggy holes. It is all rocks and mud—rocks and mud.

Suddenly the trail opens out on the mountain-side, and a magnificent view is presented to the eye. The rugged mountain sloping a mile in height on the opposite side of the valley, and down far away to the westward the blue hills and the smoke of Skagway, with Lynn Canal showing a three-cornered patch of lighter color. It is magnificent.

We are again in the valley of the Skagway. Five or six hundred feet below we can hear the roar of the waters. There is another pitch downwards ahead of us to resume the level. Why the trail did not follow the even but longer valley of the Skagway, without climbing over two terrible ridges, none of us can comprehend. The railway, of course, will have to follow the river-bed, or else tunnel under the Chilkoot Mountains. There are tents and piles of goods scattered thickly along the trail. No one knows

how many people there are. Some say five thousand—there may be fewer—and a thousand head of horses. There are means of knowing with tolerable accuracy, but no one has bothered to keep track of the arrivals and departures at Skagway. A steamer arrives and empties several hundred people and tons of goods into the mouth of the trail, and the trail absorbs them as a sponge drinks up water. They are lost amid the gulches and trees.

Every one is discouraged. Dirty and muddy from head to foot, wet and tired, it is no wonder. Men who have been on the trail two weeks are no further than this. They tell of parties who have reached even the summit, and there, disheartened, have sold out and come back. Some are saying that boats have been carried as far as the summit, and there deserted. Others say boats cannot be taken over at all. The trail is lined from Skagway to the Foot of the Hill with boat lumber, enough, as one person said, to make a corduroy road the length of the trail—hyperbole, but, nevertheless, the amount of boat lumber left behind is significant.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SOUTH AFRICA.*

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

AN American has this supreme advantage in writing on South African affairs—that he can approach the subject with an absolute sense of detachment, and has no partisan inducement to do other than hold evenly the scales between British and Boer and black and white. The present reviewer, therefore, expected to find in Mr. Bigelow's book impartiality and fairness, an unprejudiced estimate of conflicting claims, and a candid review of local history and ambitions. Nor was he at all disappointed. There is nothing Mr. Bigelow says for or against British rule in South Africa that cannot be complacently subscribed to by an Englishman, and nothing in his account of that extraordinary community of Transvaal Boers that is not deservedly true. In his criticism of German and Portuguese attempts at colonization, Mr. Bigelow confines himself to a few succinct and open facts, sufficient of themselves to explain why the one is a polite, official farce, and the other a long-drawn humiliating failure. Mr. Bigelow's digressions into native history are absolutely trustworthy, and the personal part of his narrative, the record of what he saw and did himself, is written with the liveliness of a wide traveller and a careful judge of affairs. His account of President Kruger, and President Steyn of the Orange Free State, is in each case the fullest and most illuminating that has yet appeared in print; and the book, as a whole, while not attempting to cover the entire ground, touches with freshness and discrimination on several points that have been rather lost sight of. Particularly worthy of notice is Mr. Bigelow's strenuous condemnation of the injury done to American trade and interests by the slackness and inefficiency of American consuls in South African shipping-ports; and for the rest, the remarks of this close and experienced observer on the advantages of British over every other form of colonial administration may teach a few Anglophobiacs the scientific infallibility of the survival of the fittest. One or two slight errors may be mentioned. Kruger's famous "tortoise" speech of December, 1895, did not refer to Dr. Jameson's raid, as Mr. Bigelow supposes, but to the expected rising at Johannesburg; and Mr. Bigelow's rather surprising dictum that "the balance of power in South Africa is to-day in the hands of the President of the Orange Free State" certainly cannot be accepted. Otherwise the book is as accurate as it is entertaining.

It is nearly two hundred and fifty years since the Dutch refugees first settled in Cape Town. In 1806, when the city was finally ceded to the English by the treaty of Amiens, the entire white population was under 30,000. At first there was an appearance of harmony between the two races. The Boers were the same courageous, ignorant, religious, solitude-loving people that we know to-day; and the English, as yet comparative strangers to imperialism and to philanthropic fanaticism, were perhaps more tractable and neighborly than they have since become. Intermarriage, at any rate, was frequent; the Dutch language, or rather the Boer language—for it bears about as much relation to the tongue of Holland as Attic does to modern Greek—was in official use, and local traditions were upheld. It was the sudden expansion of British emigration in 1820 that first brought difficulties and misunderstandings. Eight years later the English language was substituted for the Boer patois. In 1833 came the famous ordinance suppressing the slave trade, and placing natives on an equal civic footing with whites—a measure quite incomprehensible to the average Boer, who to this day maintains in the Transvaal a system of native labor little, if at all, removed from slavery. Beyond anything else, beyond even his hatred of Roman Catholics and the British, is the Boer's dislike for officialdom and its ways. The purchase of his slaves by government would in any case seem repulsive to his antique mind; it was particularly so when he failed to receive their full value in solid cash. The abolition of the slave trade all but ruined the entire Boer population of South Africa. They had, moreover, a further complaint in the negligence of the government to protect them against Kaffir inroads. Small wonder, then, that they made up their minds to leave the Cape and its rulers, and strike out a new home for themselves, even in the unknown country beyond the desolate Karroo. The great Boer trek began in 1836. The first party penetrated into what is now the territory of the Transvaal Republic. A mere handful only of these stubborn pioneers lived to reach Delagoa Bay. The second party, following on their trail, came in conflict with the Matabele, a fierce fighting branch of the Zulu race, hurled them splendidly across the Limpopo, and settled permanently in the Transvaal. A third party turned southeast towards Durban, routed the Zulus under Dingaan, and established the short-lived Republic of Natalia, only to see it taken over by England a few years later. The Boers who occupied the Transvaal numbered in 1848 some 15,000, distributed over an area 700 miles long by 300 wide. It is characteristic of them that for fifteen years they existed without any central government. They were living in the way they liked best; each man raised his sheep and cattle, with only a rare glimpse of a neighbor, and never a one of a tax-collector. They were free and independent, leading their lonely, self-sufficing lives in perfect content, and only banding together for an occasional Kaffir war. Why worry about a government? And, indeed, when the constitution of 1858 was drawn up, it was at once repudiated by two out of the three self-governing communities of which the state consisted, and a civil war had to be fought out before the South African Republic was finally established, in 1862. The history of the Transvaal Boers, as Mr. Bigelow says, is one-third war with the British, one-third with the natives, and one-third civil war. The year 1877 found the Republic with an empty treasury, an impotent government—impotent because ignored—and harassed by powerful native combinations on the north and southeast. It was under these circumstances that England stepped in and annexed the country, on the ground that her helpless condition was dangerous to the peace of the neighboring states. There is no doubt that the Boers would have quietly acquiesced in the annexation but for the blundering, tactless proceedings of the British government. But when it became known that Kruger and Joubert were being treated with meagre respect by English officials, when especially

(Continued on page 1064.)

* *White Man's Africa.* By POULTNEY BIGELOW. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

FALSE ECONOMY

is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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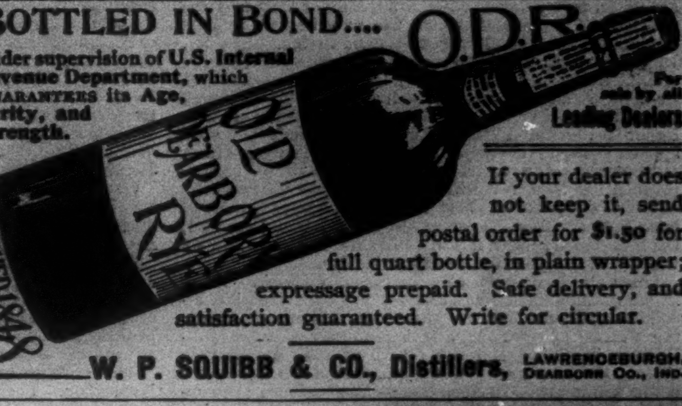

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(Continued from page 1063.)

the presence of the tax-collector made itself felt, the Boers, urged beyond question by Mr. Gladstone's fiery denunciations of British policy, took up arms against the government, and inflicted the thorough defeat of Majuba Hill. Mr. Gladstone's policy after this disaster has been described as magnanimous. That is really too mild a word to apply to an action of such estimable Biblical enthusiasm. England had been smitten on one cheek. What, in the name of all that's scriptural, could Mr. Gladstone do but turn her other cheek to the enemy? Mr. Gladstone would not send re-enforcements; he would not conquer the Transvaal; he would not suffer the stain of what he called blood-guiltiness; but he would—indeed, he did—guarantee the independence of the Transvaal, withdraw the British troops, and maintain a merely nominal control over Mr. Kruger's foreign relations. Swift and bitter has been the retribution. On his shoulders, if on any man's, must rest the grave responsibility for the events that have since then drawn the whole world's attention to that peculiar government.

Nowhere else, I suppose, can be found such a startling juxtaposition of people and character, of life and manners, of the modern and the mediæval, as in the Transvaal. The Boers are a nation of stock-raisers. For government, art, literature, manufactures, agriculture, they have the profoundest dislike and incapacity. To handle a rifle and read a few chapters from the Bible is the ultimate reach of their education. Their President can hardly sign his name. Their government has to be carried on by clerks imported from Holland. The discovery of gold in their territory roused in them no latent commercial instinct, brought with it no desire for gain. They willingly sold the land to foreign speculators, retired to their farms, and added a few more cattle to their stock with the money. The parliament is regarded merely as a people's committee, and the President as its moderator or spokesman. The people expect their President to visit them with the regularity of a family physician or minister of the Gospel, and they exercise their right to catechise him as to what he has done, and to ventilate, each in turn, whatever grievances he may entertain." And yet the basis of these peculiarities is a national character which an Englishman can only refuse to admire by condemning his own stock—a vigorous obstinacy and tenacity, unquestioned courage, and a love, if not of law, at least of liberty. To these lonely, sullen burghers modern progress, so far as it is represented by the Outlanders, seems an intolerable affront. One hundred and twenty thousand men of foreign nationality, led by speculators and attracted to the country simply by its gold, are not the best advance-agents of civilization. Jay Gould would have stood no more chance of convincing Abraham of the beauties of the nineteenth century than do the Johannesburg mine-owners of inducing the Boers to change their historic mode of life. The Outlanders own half the land already, they outnumber the Boers by nearly two to one, they provide nine-tenths of the revenue, and they think, naturally enough, that they ought to have some share in the state administration. Instead of that they find their business hampered by indefensible monopolies, and their money devoted to the building of forts and the purchase of armaments which can only be used against themselves. "The Boer government to-day," says Mr. Bigelow, "is applying to a complex modern community administrative principles fit only for a community of cattle-herders and teamsters." Such a state of things cannot last. The gold-reefs will not be worked out for another hundred years, and long before then the only language spoken in the Transvaal will be English. Ten years from now, perhaps five years, the revolution will be accomplished, the franchise will be granted, and the weeding out of a brave but perverse and unintelligent people will have begun. May the process be peaceable and gradual; for if it comes to war, it will be bloody and prolonged—a war not of conquest but of extermination.

Much else is suggested by Mr. Bigelow's book. There is the question of native labor—at present expensive, inefficient, and unstable; the growth of local manufactures; the position of the Malays in Cape Colony, and the East-Indians in Natal; and the future of the Orange Free State. But, above everything else, the book is interesting as the testimony of an American to England's unique genius for colonization. The Portuguese, for instance, have been in South Africa for nearly four hundred years. To-day they are practically an extinct force. Nothing of importance remains to them but a strip of land between the Transvaal and the sea. No emigrants seek their territory, no private enterprise develops it; their very railways have been built by foreign companies; and Mr. Bigelow draws a scathing picture of the official incompetence and corruption which have strewn Delagoa Bay with wrecks, and made the port of Lorenzo Marquez a by-word among traders. On the west coast Germany controls an area of nearly a million square miles. To this territory, at enormous cost and trouble, her minutely paternal government has succeeded in attracting nearly seven hundred colonists, most of them officials. The distinguished amateur who rules over the German Empire always forgets to mention this when he boasts of his magnificent colonial possessions. Not unfairly does Mr. Bigelow contrast these failures with England's administration, with her 700,000 colonists, her cautious progressive government, her rigorous enforcement of justice and liberty. The policy of the English cabinet towards South Africa has often been weak and shiftless. Most curious, as showing how absolutely a matter of our own time is the growth of imperialism, were her voluntary gift of independence to the Orange Free State in 1854, and her retreat from the Transvaal in 1881. Even Natal, which Mr. Bigelow now declares to be a colonial paradise and a model of the wisdom of her rule, she flung away twice before finally deciding to hold it. But these warnings will not have been wasted if they teach her that South Africa must be governed from Cape Town and not from London. And how necessary it is that England should remain there and do her appointed work Mr. Bigelow shows in a few concluding sentences. "The flag of Great Britain," he says, "represents freedom of trade, freedom of thought, beyond that of any flag on the high seas, and in Africa, at least, it is the only flag strong enough and generous enough for our purposes. It guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all within the sphere of its influence. It is, in short, the only flag which to-day makes possible our dream of a White Man's Africa."

That is demonstrably true; but it should not be forgotten that the future of South Africa is not in the White Man's land. The future of South Africa is in Rhodesia, and a few years will be enough to show what that is to be.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

ART IN ST. LOUIS.

THE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS SHOWN AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE Fourteenth Annual Exposition at St. Louis was opened Wednesday, September 8, for a period of six weeks, and, as usual, the principal attraction is the art display. In five large galleries there are more than six hundred paintings, and, in addition, there are several effective pieces of sculpture. Several of the paintings are of unusual size and character; among them are Roybet's Medal of Honor picture, "Charles the Bold at Nesle," and Fritel's large canvas, "The Conquerors"—each filling almost the entire end of the gallery in which it hangs.

Of the collection over four hundred paintings are from the studios of American artists, working at home and abroad. Many of the principal works in the last spring exhibitions of the National Academy and the Society of American Artists are in St. Louis, and most of the pictures which represented American artists in the two Paris Salons this year likewise are in the exposition galleries. There are nearly one hundred pictures from American artists who reside abroad, including John W. Alexander, F. A. Bridgman, Frank M. Boggs, Louis Paul Dessar, Albert Herter, Walter MacEwen, Gari J. Melchers, Elizabeth Nourse, the late W. L. Picknell (whose last large Salon picture is shown), Charles Sprague Pearce, Edwin Lord Weeks, Lionel Walden, and Ogden Wood. Of the home artists nearly every one of prominence is represented. By the late George Inness there are five characteristic canvases of different periods. By Wyant there is a work of exceptional beauty; and there are important pictures from Eastman Johnson, Cecilia Beaux, George H. Bogert, J. G. Brown, Albert Bierstadt, J. R. Brevoort, J. B. Bristol, William M. Chase, W. A. Coffin, Kenyon Cox, F. S. Church, J. H. Dolph, the late M. F. H. de Haas, C. W. Eaton, Benjamin Foster, W. H. Howe, Birge Harrison, Winslow Homer, the late Benoni Irwin, H. Bolton Jones, George W. Maynard, J. Francis Murphy, Henry Mosler, Thomas Moran, Ernest Parton, W. L. Palmer, W. T. Richards, J. D. Smillie, C. F. Ulrich, H. W. Watrous, Irving R. Wiles, and others.

After the Americans, the French painters have the largest representation in the collection, over fifty pictures coming from them. Among the examples of French art may be mentioned works by Dagnan-Bouveret, Bastien-Lepage, Cazin, Boudin, Bail, Bouguereau, Isabey, Iwill, Lhermitte, Lambert, Pasini, Pelouse, Roybet, Auguste Bonheur, Monet, Renoir, and Pissarro.

The "Glasgow School"—the introduction of which in this country was made by the St. Louis Exposition art department two years ago—is represented by about forty pictures. No other group of European painters appears to have enjoyed such a degree of success during the past three years as this small association of artists of North Britain. There has been great demand for their work in the various Continental expositions, and nearly every artist of this group has been honored by having his work purchased for one or more of the European government museums. The Glasgow artists contributing to the St. Louis collection this year are Macaulay Stevenson, James Paterson, David Gauld, George Pirie, Stuart Park, J. Whitelaw Hamilton, W. Y. MacGregor, E. A. Hornell, William Kennedy, William Mouncey, Grosvenor Thomas, James Reid Murray, B. MacNicol, and James Torrance.

Of other countries contributing to the collection, Norway is represented by Thaulow; Sweden by Zorn; Germany by Von Uhde; Holland by Willem Maris, Neuhuys, Artz, Ter Meulen, Martens, and Verveer.

During the past three years the exposition has been the means of selling more pictures for the artists than any other American exhibition. Last year more than ten per cent. of the pictures offered for sale were sold; while the year before the sales exceeded twelve per cent. of the entire number—over seventy paintings finding purchasers.

There are no artist-juries connected with the St. Louis Exposition. Each picture is specifically asked for by the director of the art department, Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, who visits each year the principal exhibitions and the studios of the leading artists of Europe and America in order to make his selections. The paintings are arranged in the galleries by Mr. Kurtz and the assistant director, Mr. Rhodes.

STUART MACDONALD.

THE ENGINEER CORPS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN the efforts that have been and are being made to prevail upon President McKinley to undo, in whole or in part, the work of President Cleveland in extending the application of the civil service rules, much comfort has been derived from the attitude of officers of the corps of engineers toward the extension of these rules to their own works. If a department which is strictly non-political in character, and committed by tradition and training to the maintenance of a non-partisan public service, finds these rules, as applied to itself, a failure, surely it is a powerful argument against their successful application anywhere. It is worth while, therefore, to inquire whether or not this allegation of failure is supported by the facts as they now appear after a year's actual trial of the system.

There can be no question that the President's order of May 6, 1896, so far as it related to the engineer department, went too far, in that it included certain classes of employés, such as cooks, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., whose service upon public works is nearly always of an uncertain and temporary character. These employés are often engaged upon works remote from places where eligible lists are kept. The contingencies of the work more often than not require that they be hired and laid off upon very short notice. A compulsory resort to eligible lists in such cases could not fail to cause a great loss of time, and to rob the service of that elasticity upon which its efficiency largely depends. A literal compliance with the order as it first appeared would unquestionably have caused a great deal of trouble; and to many officers this primary forecast was so gloomy that they at once conceived a strong feeling of opposition to the whole movement. Probably nine out of ten officers, at the time the order was promulgated, considered its application to their department unwise and injudicious. Doubtless a majority still so consider it.

But it is certain that the events of the past year have gone far to remove the fears at first entertained. The engineer department at Washington and the Civil Service Commission have shown a most generous spirit in endeavoring to remove difficulties, make concessions, and to facilitate and simplify the working of the rules. So far have these efforts succeeded that officers now find their operations but little more restricted than before the rules went into effect, while they enjoy the protection which the law was designed to afford.

That this protection was necessary no one familiar with the trend of events in the engineer department in recent years can doubt. Political interference in the appointment of employés in the engineer department has indeed always existed to some extent; but such interference formerly occurred only in isolated individual cases, and never in pursuance of a fixed policy. It is only within the past twelve years that there has become manifest a settled purpose to use the engineer department for partisan ends. But short as this period has been, its record will form one of the darkest chapters in the civil service of the United States. So far, indeed, had this policy been carried that it had found a permanent foothold in the regulations of the army, and it had become a requirement that every important appointment by an officer on his works should first be submitted for the approval of the Secretary of War. That official had then only to substitute for the name of the officer's choice one of his own selection, and return the recommendation "approved," and the business was done with all the formality of the strictest military red tape. This travesty upon the customs of the military service, and the menace involved in thus prostituting a non-partisan branch of the public service to political and partisan ends, were the more dangerous because of their subtle and insidious character. They were veritably a wolf in sheep's clothing, from which protection of any sort could not be otherwise than welcome.

The civil service rules may not secure this protection as perfectly as could be wished. Particularly in the earlier stages of their application, while the old system is still struggling for life, there is no occasion for disappointment if they do not at once accomplish all that was expected from them. But in spite of their shortcomings it is nevertheless true that they offer the only substantial guarantee yet presented against the evil results of political control of the public service.

It is probable, also, that in the long-run a better average efficiency in service will be secured by this system than by any other, although this will doubtless be questioned by some who are loyal opponents of the spoils system. If an employer could always be relied upon to use his true judgment, unswerved by personal considerations or outside influences, and guided only by the requirements of his work, then personal choice would be the best possible method of selecting employés. But such perfection is seldom met with even in private business; in the public service less frequently still. It has probably been more nearly realized in the engineer department than in any other of the government, but the exceptions, even here, have been numerous and notorious. The new system will strengthen the hands of officers in this respect, and will add materially to their past success in maintaining a pure and efficient branch of the public service.

To the employé himself the change is an unqualified gain. It gives him standing as a servant of the government where formerly he had none. From being a mere temporary worker for wages, he has become a member of a recognized body, the civil service of the United States; and this fact will eventually possess the significance which attaches to positions in the civil service of Great Britain.

There are some officers who affect to believe that the best grade of talent cannot be secured by the examination system, and that proper discipline cannot be enforced when employés are not subject to dismissal at the will of the employer. Those who argue in this way, although unquestionably sincere, are far from being consistent. With pardonable pride they point to their system of civil service as being the least subject to political control of any under the government, and as furnishing the highest standard of efficiency, loyalty, and integrity in work. Whence come these important results? From the individual himself? Is there any peculiar virtue in the officer that sets him apart from the rest of the world, and actuates him with higher motives than operate upon other men? Assuredly not. It is not the man; it is the system that accomplishes these results. From the very outset of an officer's career, until it is more than two-thirds done, he is subject to examinations, not only to test his right to enter the service at first, but to remain in it afterward. Does not this continuous and rigid examination system tend to secure superior talent to the corps? Will its more limited application to the civilian employés under the officer fail to ensure *pro tanto* similar results?

Again, the officer's position is the most secure and permanent which the service affords. Only by the most formal and guarded procedure can he be dispossessed of his place. Does this security make him any less loyal or obedient to his superiors? Far from it. Why pretend, then, that principles which control the officer will fail with those under him? Such a view is not only belittling to the employé, it is wholly erroneous in fact. Every officer knows that most of his employés serve him from a sense of duty, and he never dreams that the interest they show in their work, or their obedience to his orders, springs from their fear of his power of dismissal.

Consider it from what point of view we will—mere theoretical deductions, or the results of a year's actual trial—there is nothing in the present situation to justify the sinister views indulged in by some officers. If, instead of being "greatly disturbed and unsettled in mind," as one of them puts it, over difficulties which are largely evolved from the imagination, they would enter with cheerful acquiescence into the spirit of the new system, resolved to make the most of it possible, leaving to the future the correction of its defects, there is not the slightest doubt that the obstacles which they have foreseen would almost entirely disappear. At any rate, they would no longer be playing into the hands of the enemies of a reformed civil service who care not a straw for the high character of the engineer department, except as it can be used for their own selfish purposes.

AN ENGINEER OFFICER.

AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for HARPER'S WEEKLY. *He proceeds overland to San Francisco and Vancouver. On his way across the continent he will gather material for a series of articles on sport in the West. From Vancouver he will sail for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam* MR. WHITNEY *will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least-known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt* MR. WHITNEY *will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.*

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from* MR. WALTER CAMP, MR. JOHN CORBIN, *and other well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

LAST HOLES.

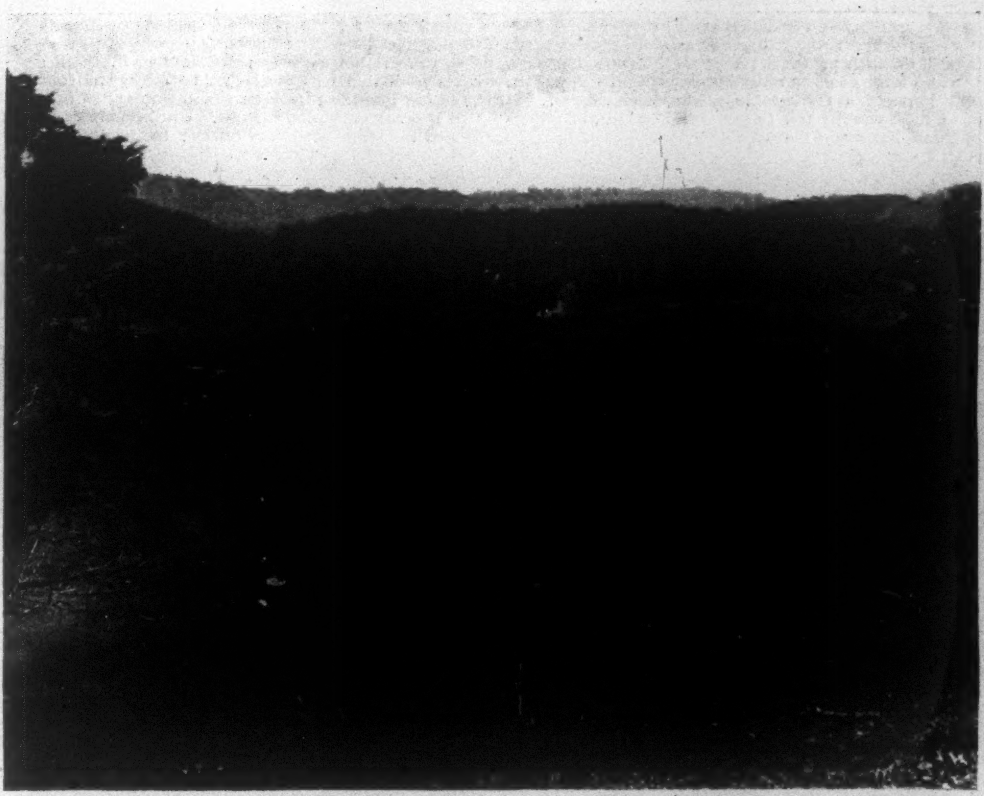
THERE is a certain little matter in regard to which the American visitors to our British golf links is likely to feel that some explanation is due to him. He had heard, he had read—not once, but many times repeated—that one peculiarity of our great courses, common to almost all of them, was that the last hole was simple and featureless. This was not claimed as a quality of any special merit, or as worthy of imitation, but it just so happened that the nature of the ground at each locality favored such an arrangement. The last holes, he was told as a matter of incidental fact, were easy.

But what does he find when he comes to play them? He finds this simple statement so far removed from the truth that what we have spoken of as incidental fact had better been phrased as incidental—accidental, he will charitably hope—falsehood. The actual truth is that the old order has somewhat changed; that the statement was fairly true when it was made and repeated, but that in the face of recent alterations it is true no longer.

There are exceptions. On the old classic green of St. Andrews, where changes even of the most necessary nature are effected, as the Scot is said to joke, "with deefficulty," the course has remained fixed as the laws of Medes and Persians; the last hole is still a drive over the burn and a cleek-shot or so up to the green, with no hazard intervening. There is an area or two of the links' houses away to the right, but nothing save grassy "banks and braes" on the direct road to the hole. Prestwick retains the featureless character of its old last hole, which is reached by a drive over formidable but not distant bunkers from the tee, followed by an iron-shot of most ordinary dimensions to the green. Of the three greens on which the original championship competitions were held there remains the green of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, who used to play over the links of Musselburgh, but have now migrated along the shores of the Forth to Muirfield. The last hole at Musselburgh was always a hole of some possible incident, for it was a single-shot hole, and the man who does such a hole in three is very apt to win it. (Such a hole is far less often halved than a hole of a drive and iron-shot length.) But such as the last hole at Musselburgh was and is, it does not compare for perils with the last hole at Muirfield. This Muirfield last hole lies just beyond a most menacing bunker, to be negotiated either with a third shot played with the mashie, or by the larger driver with a second full shot. It is a fine hole.

So here there is a change from a comparatively tame and uneventful finish to one that is apt to alter the character of the match should it not be decided earlier. Let us have a look at the two great English links of Hoylake and Westward Ho. Sandwich, though a most important green — one of those on which both championships are played—scarcely enters into this present point of view, for it is a green of such modern discovery that it has scarcely had time for much alteration, and scarcely existed at the date of that earlier pronouncement that last holes were, generally speaking, easy. Westward Ho, on the other hand — though, by reason of its geographical remoteness from the great centres, the championship is not played on it—must ever remain, by its merits, among the greatest, as it is the oldest, of the first-rate English links. But in regard first to Hoylake. Until two years or less ago the club-house used to be beneath the same roof as the Royal Hotel, and the course used to end beneath the hotel windows on the green still called the Royal Green. This is now the green of the seventeenth instead of the eighteenth hole, and the club has now a very fine house of its own in the neighborhood of what on the old course was the first, but under the new dispensation has now become the eighteenth green. Still, as of old, the Royal hole is one of slight incident. A drive over a low cop puts you within reach of the green, no hazard intervening; this therefore was a proper instance of easy and uneventful last holes. But it is the last hole no longer, and that hole, the old first, which is now the last hole, is very liable to be accidental, and to leave sad marks of its accidents on the sufferer's scoring-card. It cost one of the Vardons no less than nine in one of the rounds of the last championship. The reason is that a good long drive puts you within possible reach, supposing calm weather, with a second long shot, the green lying just beyond a most dangerous ditch bunker. It is, of course, equally possible to play up to the edge of the bunker in two, and to top the approach into it in three. Better than this is the fate of those who are in in two. So at Hoylake we have an instance of a featureless last hole changed into a last hole whose features are capable of bringing a good score to ruin, and very liable to affect the fortunes of a close match.

LOOKING TOWARD FIRST TEE AND FOURTH GREEN, NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS.



THE NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS AT MOUNT HOPE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK—VIEW FROM THE FIFTH TEE.

At Westward Ho it is no otherwise. There, in the old days when the primitive club-hut was close beside the Pebble Ridge, the then last hole was played to the green which is now occupied by the third hole; it was reached by a moderate drive over some bunkers, which left the easiest of iron-shots to the green. At present the tee shot to the last hole bristles with perils of ditches, both across the line and on both sides of it; the second shot presents less danger, but even then we are not home. It remains to loft, with iron or mashie, over a little stream that guards the green—a stroke that needs some nerve and delicacy when the golfer is approaching the finish with a good score. Taking, therefore, the three chief greens in England—for the Sandwich last hole, too, has a catchy little bunker stretching itself before the green—and the three championship links of Scotland, it is seen that in the past, when the fable of the easy last holes was told to America, and to any that cared to listen, it was a fable based on fact; for all were simple and easy except that of Sandwich, which was, chronologically, "another story"; whereas now, out of those six principal greens, the last holes of four of them are specially liable to incident rather than specially featureless. The tale therefore was true when it was originally told; it is only the change of the links themselves that has given it the aspect of fiction.

No doubt, on the question whether the last holes should ideally be simple or hazardous, there is much to be said on either side. On the original plan it seemed good that the golfer, having suffered such things throughout the round, should be let down gently at the finish, as a storm-tossed ship comes quietly at length to port. Where a man had a good score in a competition it seemed very hard that he should have to risk ruining it all when the final goal was not only in sight, but within a short iron-shot. Still, the new feature has its merits too. It seems hard on a man when he is one down with only one hole to play that that hole should be of the kind that the most ordinary play of himself and his opponent will halve in four. He has the feeling that it does not give him a fair chance of retrieving, by heroic effort, his self-respect. He is one down, and it seems inevitable, unless human liability to disgraceful error demonstrates itself strikingly in his opponent's performances, that one down he must remain. Such a last hole seems scarcely worth the playing.

And this unfortunate man's view appears to be the one that is entitled to great respect. However pleasant this old quiet slipping into port might seem, the new dispensation has the merit of carrying the interest and the chances of the match up to the very end. It never seems to be lost till it is won; it calls forth the most strenuous effort up to the final stroke. These perhaps are not the considerations that in practice determine the positions of last holes; generally these are subject rather to considerations of geography and of convenience; but at least the American golfer who visits this country and may chance to have read this letter may now understand the seeming paradox, to put it mildly, of such tales as he has been told of the simplicity of last holes, and the efforts he is called upon to make to persuade his golf-ball to go into them.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE SEVENTH HOLE, NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

THE NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

It is a year or more since the St. Andrews Club decided that new quarters and a full eighteen-hole course must be secured if the club were to retain its prestige in the American golfing world. After a careful examination of the surrounding country, the choice fell upon the Lawrence farm at Mount Hope, some six or seven miles above the old site at St. Andrews. The club tract of 160 acres was originally a part of the historic Phillipse Manor, and the fame of the Sprain Brook, which flows through the lower meadow, has come down from the days of the Revolution, when "Skinner" and "Cowboy" waged their ruthless warfare through these quiet forest glades. Part of the land had been used as pasture for many years, and was consequently well adapted to golfing use, but careful planning and a great deal of hard work were necessary before the full course of eighteen holes was finally in shape for play.

In its general features the course is distinguished for the rich reward that it bestows upon the man whose drives from the tee are both far and sure. A topped or foozled drive, in almost every instance, is severely punished, but the player who can get his ball squarely away, with a carry of say one hundred and sixty yards, is pretty sure to find himself with a good lie, and on a comparatively smooth road to the desired haven of the green. Traps and "pot" and "cop" bunkers are conspicuous by their absence, but the Green Committee will probably be obliged to put in some additional artificial hazards to punish a foozled second shot, and to encourage the player whose strong point is in pitching on to the green with the iron. As it stands, the course is sound golf, but hardly difficult enough for first-class all-around play. Take, for example, the records made by A. H. Fenn for four rounds of the links during the open meeting of last week. The first (made in practice) was 75. In the two preliminary medal rounds he turned in cards of 79 and 91, and he won the Sands cup on Saturday with a 76. The total for the four medal-play rounds foots up 321, or an average of 80¼. So far as figures go to prove anything, this is not very far from the best work of the transatlantic golfers. Mr. Hilton won the open championship at Hoylake this year with a score of 314 for thirty-six holes, and only six men out of the whole field were below 321. Granting that Fenn is at his best in the medal game, it still remains evident that the St. Andrews course is an easy one for a good driver. W. G. Stewart's 35 for the incoming holes (made in the finals with Douglas) goes to confirm this theory, and it should also be noted that the putting-greens were a trifle lumpy, certainly not as good as they will be. There are grand possibilities for the best of golf at St. Andrews, and they will undoubtedly be utilized as time goes on.

The course, like Gaul, may be divided into three parts. The first four holes are on the upper table-land. The lies are excellent, and the principal hazards are granite outcrops and a stone dike in front of the third tee. The drive from the fifth tee takes us to the lower meadow, a beautiful stretch of almost perfectly level turf, and intersected by the Sprain Brook. The tee is on the very brink of the precipice, and so sheer is the descent that it looks as though one could toss a biscuit upon the green, 280 yards away. For all that, one must make a good long drive to secure a good lie upon the fine turf in front of the green, and there are rare possibilities of disaster for a topped or badly pulled ball.

There are nine holes upon the flat, the principal hazards being the Sprain Brook, and an old stone wall that protects the sixth hole and calls for a long carry from the seventh tee. The "Island," or short hole of 140 yards, has its green skilfully guarded by the double hazard of the brook and the open canal, and is an excellent hole in three. The ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth holes are of only moderate interest, and the committee must have considered that the unlucky reputation attached to the number thirteen was enough in itself to confound the duffer, since the hole is only 190 yards long, and without hazard of any kind, excepting the side fence for a badly pulled drive.

Coming now to the homestretch, we have three blind holes in succession, and the sixteenth is perhaps the spectacular hole of the entire course. It is 235 yards in length, but a really first-class drive will carry the summit of the grassy hill, and from there the descent is so steep that the ball has an excellent chance of making the green on the run. Chauncey, indeed, scored this hole in two on his round in the final handicap.

This last part of the course has been very skilfully planned, so as to bring the player back to the upland and the club-house with the minimum amount of hill-climbing. The course is narrower, and the driving must be straight as well as long. The final drive is over a deep hollow and apple orchard, and a top may even here hopelessly ruin a good card.

Quite a number of the greens have been artificially levelled and terraced up. The old Scottish-bred player may be inclined to criticise this concession to New World ideas, but in nearly every case this method of construction was made imperative on account of the lay of the land. It is to be hoped, however, that the present bare banks of clay—teeing-grounds by courtesy—are only temporary expedients for the real thing, a bit of true turf.

W. G. VAN T. S.

YALE BOATING.

It is almost impossible for outsiders, and sometimes extremely difficult even for Yale men a few years out of college, to realize just where the power reposes in the body athletic at that university. Hence it happens that writers and talkers, forgetting, or never knowing, that the captain and manager are absolute in their jurisdiction, are, when trespassing upon what is apparently inviting ground for peregrinations, brought up occasionally with startling force against the unexpected. Just after Yale left Henley, Mr. Guy Nickalls, who had been extremely kind in every way to the Yale crew, even to the extent of securing their quarters for them and adjusting the matters thereto incident, in a letter to the rowing authorities at New Haven expressed himself as hoping some time to come and visit Yale. At that time Yale men were and ever since have been eager to have Mr. Nickalls come and give them the opportunity of discharging some of the debt of hospitality owed to him. It chances, however, that many people have seized upon the knowledge that Mr. Nickalls might visit the United States, and by the interpretation they have endeavored to attach to that visit have greatly diminished the chances we may have had for making the acquaintance of another of those fine English boating-men whose type we have already welcomed in Mr. Lehmann. Now all these people who have exploited the fact that Mr. Cook was to be displaced as coach at Yale by Mr. Nickalls, or by any one else, have suddenly learned that the captain of the crew at New Haven names the coach; that three thousand undergraduates and eight or ten thousand graduates, the faculty, press, and public, have no more to say about it, when it comes down to the actual fact, than they have about the selection of the crew; to tell the truth, not quite so much. Captain Payne Whitney is the man with the right to name the coach, just as Captain Bailey named him the year before, and Captain Treadway the year before that. And Captain Whitney has named the man whom captains for twenty years, with but few exceptions, have named before him — Mr. Robert J. Cook. And every Yale man hopes that Mr. Cook will round out his period of coaching with a most successful season. The material is promising, interest is greatly quickened, and such feeling as may have been engendered will, now that the affair is settled, not be allowed to stand in the way of success. It has been many years since the soiled linen of Yale has been washed in public; and Yale men, young and old, coaches and coached, are averse to such methods. That the race will be rowed at New London is beyond question; that Cornell will, in some way or other, be represented on the river for this particular year is probable. But how this is to be brought about only time and the boating authorities of Harvard and Yale can determine. No conclusion has yet been reached.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

The general standing of the football teams has altered somewhat in the last week. Of the four big teams, Yale has made the most marked advance; and this was to be expected, as, with practically nothing but new material, the work of the coaches must become speedily apparent, or any hope of a respectable team be abandoned. It seems almost equally fair to say that Harvard, all things considered, has made the least progress. Harvard's line was stiff and strong a week ago, and her backs, notably Dibblee, were making good runs. Sawin has come in again, and adds much to the efficiency of the team. But the team as a whole fails still to get that swing which is the type of strong offensive work. Pennsylvania has, next to Yale, exhibited to the greatest degree the effect of the work spent upon the team. With the exception of the position of quarter, the men seem to have settled into remarkably good form for such an early date. Princeton is having more difficulty in getting together at centre and quarter than Pennsylvania, but both are using heavy plays to advantage, and far more effectively than Harvard. Yale is tending to end runs, and with Kiefer and Corwin seems able to bring them off, but with the other candidates behind the line is not so successful in that style of play.

Princeton still leads in the kicking department, with Pennsylvania the only team within reaching distance of her. Princeton is also the ablest on defence, but by no means as far ahead of the others in this regard as she is in kicking. To-day Princeton would beat Pennsylvania through the greater experience of her line and superior direction in kicking. Her superiority to the Philadelphians might be rated at about ten points. She would beat Harvard chiefly through her better kicking. The Harvard kickers would be outclassed, especially in accuracy. Furthermore, Harvard's runners behind the line would not stand the game as well, and Princeton might be able to score three times. Yale would go under also to the men from New Jersey, and while not the Waterloo of last year, would find it a bad defeat of eighteen or more. Harvard and Pennsylvania, meeting to-day, would be fairly matched, with the chances in favor of the Quakers from two points of superiority—their men would last longer, and their play is more concentrated. Pennsylvania would defeat Yale also at this period, for similar reasons, but more especially because her play is more advanced in style. Harvard and Yale just now would make a most interesting match. Harvard is a bit further along in development of plays, but, except in the case of two individuals, has not exhibited the dash and spirit displayed by the new blood at New Haven. Harvard's line is better on defensive work, and she uses more men in her offensive play, so that to-day she would win on form. Yale has more snap, and would play an uphill game better.

How Yale can go on in the error of attempting to use Chadwick at guard, or even at centre, instead of at tackle, is beyond comprehension. He began his career at tackle, and in that position played his first and best game. He has been the stumbling-block of the coaches ever since he was placed at guard, and always will be. His style is entirely out of place next to centre, and in trying to correct it he becomes dogged, and then puts up just the game he played last year at Manhattan Field against Princeton, bringing down upon his head the wrath of the coaches, his captain, and fellow-players. He is capable of brilliant work. He is the strongest, physically, in proportion to his weight, of any man on the football field to-day, and he will weigh over 190 lbs. There is not a man on any team to-day that can match him, but there is not a guard that will not beat him as he played the position last season, and is likely, if kept there, to play it this year. He belongs at tackle, should be put there, and then sent up to his limit. In two weeks he would be the star of the line. If not, then the strength test is his only forte.

The life that Mr. Butterworth is instilling into the team at New Haven is something to be watched and imitated by any coach. It has already galvanized into action the corpse of last season's eleven; or rather it has made the new material so much faster that the old men find it difficult to keep within hailing distance. It is now practically assured that Mr. Butterworth will be with the team throughout the season, and that means everything to Yale. He has a way with men that nerves them up to great deeds and makes them forget aches and pains. The impossible seems worth attempting, and even likely of achievement, before them, and they go in accordingly.

If there be one team of the entire lot of cracks that gets off quickly and makes at once for business, it is Princeton. In fact, her team is better at this than it was last season, even at its best. This trait is often an inheritance from a winning team of the previous year, and is a mixture of confidence and dash. It is like the possession of Jack Moore in Lewis's *Wolfville*—"it's 'nitiative." I do not suppose there is any university where they work so hard to acquire this ability to open a game early as they do at New Haven. Many is the game it has won for them. But this year Princeton is beginning to exhibit strong signs of having it born in her, and if Yale gets it too, there will be a lively ten minutes when the game opens November 20. For all this getting into action early in a game, Princeton has not come up in the form of her line men to what was anticipated. They move with strength, but not with rapidity until they have gone some yards. There is lead in the feet of one or two, and this fault is especially apparent in the breaking through. Meanwhile the kicking of Baird is worth going a distance to see. His drops and place-kicking are better than ever, and that is saying much.

Furthermore, any team forced on three downs to punt when inside its twenty-five-yard line against Princeton will be wise to punt out of bounds. The giant Cadwalader, idol of the bleachers at New Haven for his accurate goal-kicking—and a good man he is too in many other ways—will have to go far to be abreast of the Princeton kicker on the 20th of November. Wheeler's punting is good and his running strong, while Ayres is also an excellent kicker. Why these men are all in one team is one of the anomalies of the situation. Yale could use one to great advantage, and Harvard would like another.

In fact, the situation at Cambridge is making coaches lie awake nights wondering where the material to make enough men for the positions behind the line is to be found. Not long ago men who are now regarded as valuable were rather looked upon as out of it. Still more it looks as if that part of the field were not advancing in anything like the proper proportion, in spite of the labor that is being expended upon it. Until Sawin came out it looked dismal. From the quarter to the full-back two, and possibly three, positions are open questions in the minds of many who follow the practice closely.

All the quarters are light—two of them fragile and liable to injury. The halves who have the dash are, like the quarters, rather perishable from a modern football standpoint. Finally the full-back who has been regularly used is erratic, and while sometimes up to the mark, lacks the steadiness that ought to be a part and parcel of the man who may many times be called upon to stand between Harvard and her goal. When Waters or Adams is at work upon the men they show what they are made of, but no sooner does the spur cease to cut them than they relapse into comfortable ease.

Pennsylvania is being very much lauded in the reports emanating from Philadelphia. Interviews are reported with Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Murphy which, if one were to take them without the customary grain of salt, would be conclusive as to the folly of Harvard even going to Philadelphia at all. It is hard to tell just what this means. Pennsylvania is playing a good game as far as the season is advanced, but as for her plays travelling like lightning, and the interference so quick and close that the opponents can hardly see the runner until he is over their goal-line; as for her defence being absolutely impregnable, and the guards tackling everything out on the ends, while "the line from tackle to tackle is non-puncturable" —all this sounds out of place. If any team were playing such a game at the beginning of the second week in October, it would go quite stale before long, or become afflicted with such a case of conceit that the remedy would need be a heroic one. I doubt very much if either Mr. Woodruff or Mr. Murphy was correctly interpreted, for they care too much for the game itself to puff men up when there is work to be done.

Pennsylvania has secured a firm grasp upon two of the fundamental principles for a successful team this season, and is making capital use of them—that is the real truth of the matter. These two principles are a careful and early selection of men who from their physical build are adapted to the heavy plays, and the immediate beginning of the practice of concentrated work. Pennsylvania is wasting no time over brilliant individual performances in the running line. Some of these come out without premeditation, but Mr. Woodruff cares not a fig for a long individual run. What he is aiming at and putting his head and heart into is the rapid gathering of a thousand pounds of men into a group. That is the real kernel of the matter, and he is getting daily nearer and nearer to it. Harvard is just beginning to see this, but Pennsylvania has a good start of her, and has made a better selection of men behind the line. So, barring the mistake of too long a period of training, the Pennsylvania system looks the wiser. Her line, although less in skill and experience, is heavy, and the last week has seen a better welding together of the constituent parts.

Saturday's games were affected by the intense heat, but showed the advance of most of the big teams. Harvard used but two plays at West Point that were up to the modern standard. One of these was, however, excellent and effective. Harvard has used it before. It was a mass interference starting towards tackle and swinging a half out around the end. Cabot came back to aid in the interference. West Point put up a good game, a slicing run of tackle just outside the opposite tackle being their most effective play. The game was marred by the fumbling of both sides. Princeton again demonstrated her strength by her onslaught upon the Indians, Kelly especially showing his old dash. Some wholesale disqualifications are evidently in order to curb rough tendencies. Cornell has come up materially, as the Lafayette game showed. Yale did not thoroughly satisfy her friends at Newton, but Pennsylvania more than pleased her adherents in the way she handled Dartmouth.

WALTER CAMP.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO, CLOTH, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

No doubt we are getting wiser. It would be surprising if we were not, considering the stupendous machinery of public schools, colleges, libraries, and low-priced literature. The veriest mannikin, that has donned his first knee-pants, prattles superciliously of the "Dark Ages;" and if you venture to hint of Jack the Giant Killer or other heroes of your own boyhood, smiles almost sadly at your infatuation. Yes, indeed, *nous avons changé tout cela*, we feed on facts, and substitute science for imagination. Still human nature is astonishingly constant. It has a way of "throwing back" to an earlier and less enlightened strain. To bogies, haunted houses, will-o'-the-wisps, and other imaginings of rude and uncultivated minds science has given a *quietus*. Yet every now and then an author appears who uses these things as his stock-in-trade, and writes stories which make the blood curdle,

> "And each particular hair to stand on end
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

and, somehow or other, we revel in them, and the author has his vogue.

Of course we are a sound-headed, practical people, who pride ourselves upon our recognition of facts, and our habit of submitting everything to scientific analysis. And yet, now and again, we break away—not one or two "pudden-headed" individuals, but whole communities of generally sober-minded people—to chase some Jack-o-lantern, notwithstanding that science from her height proclaims it an *ignis fatuus*, a "fool's fire"; plunging deeper and deeper into the quagmire, and covering ourselves with confusion.

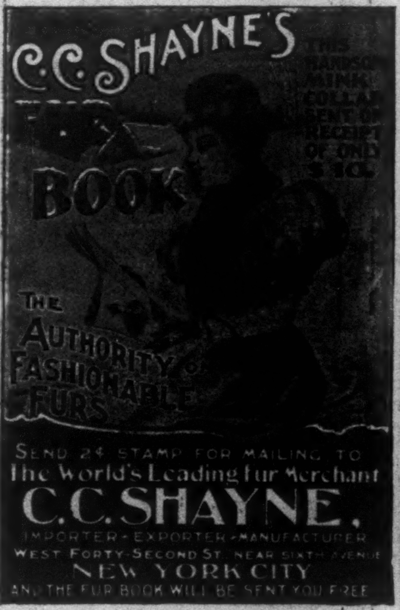
If you ask for an instance, seek it in Chicago; that city of solid sense, progressiveness, and utilitarianism, which is nothing if not a triumph of facts; whose sky-scrapers have justified the Tower of Babel, and whose very river smells to heaven with unspeakable facts. Here, if anywhere, from the supreme eminence of the Auditorium tower, Science and Reason should be able to look down, undisturbed, upon a city which they have made, and upon a people who follow their indisputable laws. But, alas! even Chicagoans, though the twenty-four hours of the day are too short for all they have to do, have turned aside to follow their will-o'-the-wisp. Cigarettes the majority of us call them; the dainty little trifles which have won their way into the affections of all classes of smokers, rich and poor; so fresh and fragrant and, we had hoped, pure; for they are made of best "bright Virginia," and contain only a fourth of the percentage of nicotine found in the average smoking-tobacco and cigars. But to the Chicago imagination, the delicate smoke-wreaths curling from the lips of thousands of smokers seemed to be pale *corpse-lights*, hovering near their homes and presaging death to countless lives. Cigarettes, it was asserted, were adulterated with deleterious compounds; even the paper was poisoned. The community must be protected. Accordingly, a city ordinance was passed putting them and the trade under a supervision as strict as that maintained by the police of Paris over her citizens. The "moral sense" of the community was aroused—that mysterious power which usually sleeps so soundly, but is every now and then flogged into wakefulness and blundering activity by persons in the background who have their own axes to grind. So Chicago made herself an example to the world by putting the cigarette under an ordinance. For six months the ponderous machinery of the law has been employed to fetter this little victim of disordered imaginations. During that time experts—Dr. Frank W. Reilly, Commissioner of Health, Dr. Gehrmann, and Professor Kennicott—have analyzed no less than fourteen brands of cigarettes, purchased in the open market. The analysis was made in accordance with the city ordinance, and the result is best stated in Dr. Reilly's own words:

"The Health Department has analyzed the various brands of cigarettes sold by Chicago dealers, as provided by the ordinance, with entirely satisfactory results. No impurities were found in any of the fourteen brands examined by the department experts, Dr. Gehrmann and Professor Kennicott. Exhaustive analyses were made of every brand of cigarette found for sale in the city. All have been found to be entirely free from opium, morphine, jimsom-weed, belladonna, atropine, hyosyamine, or other substances foreign to pure tobacco. Neither was there any lead or arsenic found in the paper wrappers."

This is not news to smokers, for previous analyses have been frequently made not only in America but in England, and always the American cigarette has been pronounced to consist of nothing but the purest tobacco and the purest and most combustible paper fibre. The specially significant fact in this particular case is that it is the evidence, produced by what was virtually the counsel for the prosecution, which has absolutely vindicated this little prisoner at the bar of public opinion.

The State of Tennessee has also been following this will-o'-the-wisp of the supposed harmfulness of cigarettes, and finds herself in a quandary. She passed a law against them: making it a misdemeanor to sell cigarettes or cigarette paper, or to bring them into the commonwealth for the purpose of selling them. The lawmakers made a heroic onslaught upon this little necessity of modern civilization, only to discover that they were tilting against that venerable and invulnerable power, the Federal Constitution. Judge Horace H. Luvton, in the United States Circuit Court for the Sixth Federal Circuit, has handed down a decision that the anti-cigarette law is unconstitutional, for it interferes with the purely Federal prerogative of controlling and regulating interstate commerce.

We are a free and independent people—every school-history affirms it—and yet periodically we suffer from the ill-advised activity of a few really well-intentioned people. The trouble is, we are too busy to think for ourselves and often take our opinions at second hand; too often from the reckless statements of newspaper reporters, who ransack heaven and earth and everywhere else for a story and then garble it to make it attractive—in plain English, sensational. Fortunately, as a nation, we have a large reserve of fair play, and when anything has been shown by unimpeachable evidence to have been wrongly abused, we are not ashamed to admit that we have made a mistake. In these feverish times, when men are working incessantly at high pressure, tobacco in some form is practically a necessity; and it is neither logical, prudent, nor fair to forbid that form of it which science has shown to be the purest and, therefore, least injurious; in a word, the American cigarette.



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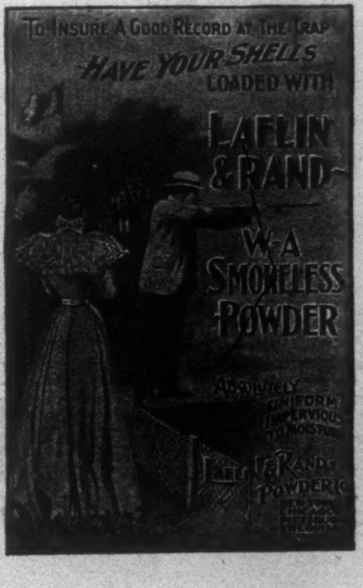

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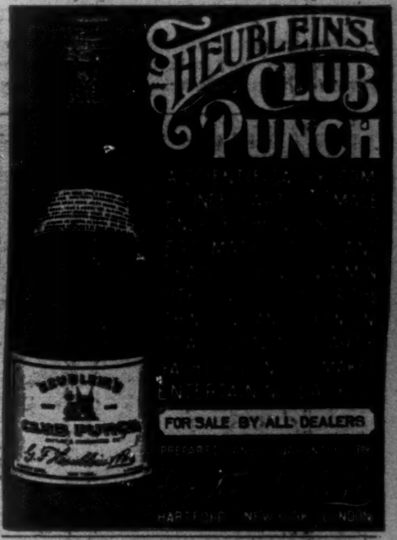

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